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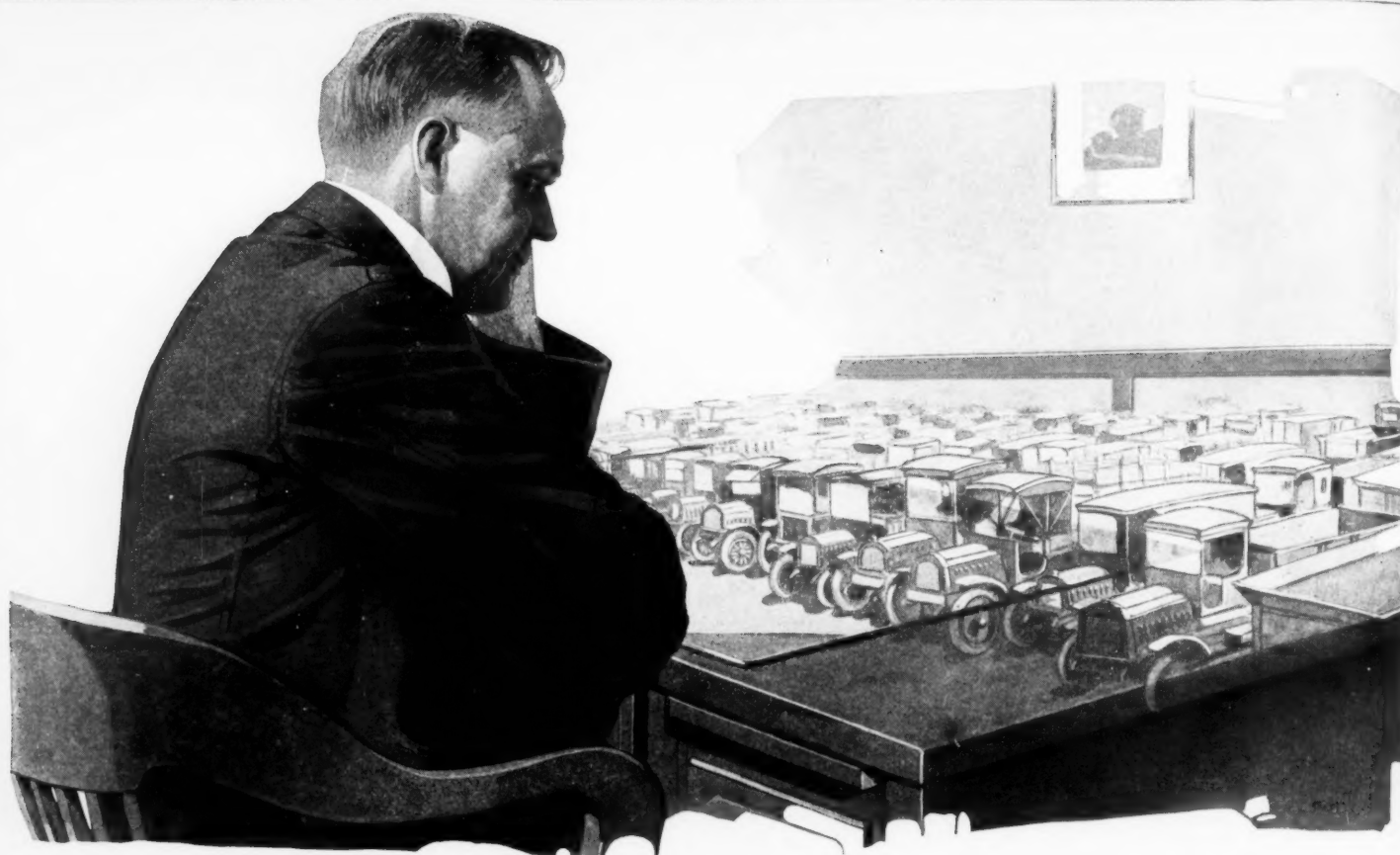
Life

NOTICE TO READER

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THE ORPHAN



“Which Truck Can I Afford to Own? I Can Buy Any of Them”

The purchase price must of course be considered in buying a truck, but it is only one of several items.

Having settled on the class of truck that best suits delivery conditions, the next thing is to decide which make of truck in that class will pay the biggest dividends on the investment.

And that means, “Which truck will last longest and cost least to keep it in **continuous** operation?”

What is saved over other forms of haulage may look big on paper, but what are the net figures?

What about idle hours, repairs and depreciation?

Breakdowns and repairs mean bigger bills to offset profits.

They also mean more idle hours, less tonnage, reduced earning capacity.

And every year that's cut off the life of the truck adds to the annual charge for depreciation.

The life of your truck depends primarily on the parts that carry the load.

No truck is a truck without **truck axles**—axles that will do more than just keep the load off the street for a year or two. Axles that will stand the gaff as long as the truck is operated and take the jolts and jars, the continual pound, pound, pound over ragged pavements, the poor driving and willful overloading that motor trucks are subjected to.

Timken-Detroit Front and Worm-Drive Rear Axles have that actual record of service back of them which is the only sure protection of the truck buyer.

In five years since the first introduction of worm drive, not a single Timken-Detroit Worm Gear unit has worn out in service, and Timken-Detroit Front Axles have always had the unqualified approval of those truck-builders who are building real trucks and not make-shifts.

Write for booklet, E-1, “The Companies Timken Keeps” listing the truck-builders who use Timken-Detroit Axles and read it carefully before you buy your next truck. Sent free, postpaid, on request to



THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

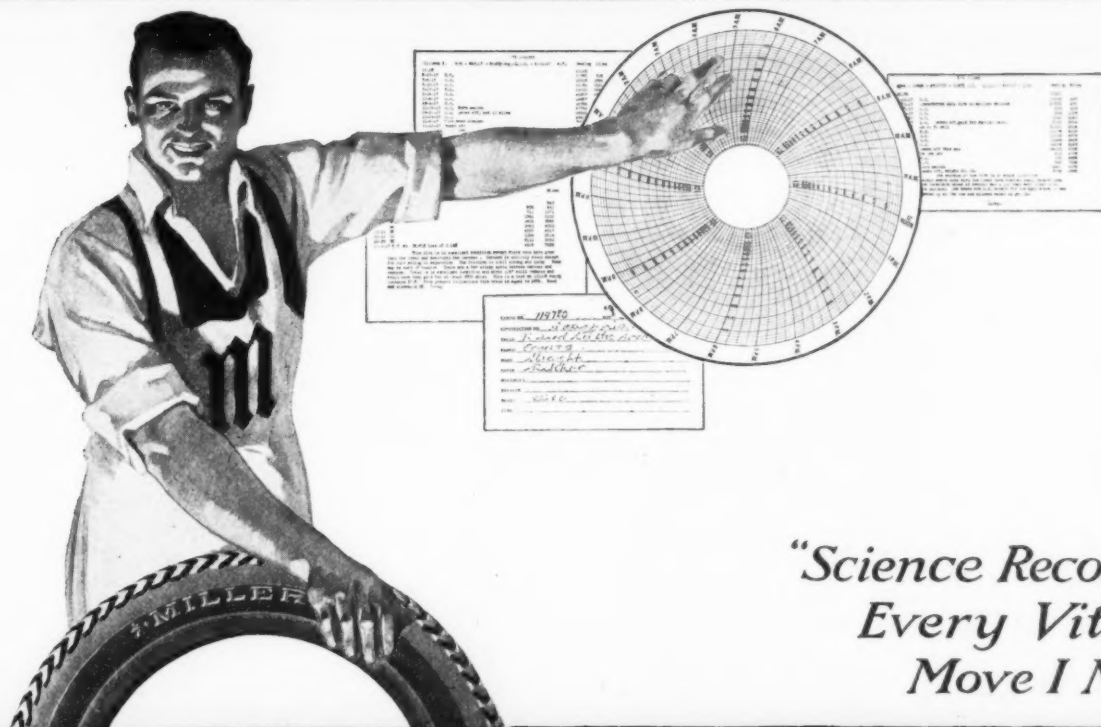


Oldest and largest builders of front and rear axles for both motor cars and trucks

TIMKEN-DETROIT

WORM-DRIVE AXLES

For Efficient **COMMERCIAL** Haulage



*"Science Records
Every Vital
Move I Make"*

Uniform Mileage The Crowning Tire Triumph *Due to Uniform Tires—Built by Champions*

A mighty response has greeted the Miller announcement that Uniform Tires are now an achieved fact. That this world gift is ready—that stabilized mileage is here after years of vain trials.

Previously, Miller Tires varied in mileage as others do.

Now 99 Millers in 100 outrun standard guarantees.

Run two Millers on opposite wheels and you shall see. Thousands of tests like this prove that Miller mileage is stabilized.

Miller  **Tires**
GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

Mechanical methods do not account for this triumph. For they are shared by all makers.

But tires contain much handwork. And Miller has excelled by conquering "human variables."

To make workmanship uniform, we had to make workmen uniform. We had to take picked men only. Then we had to make each man a master tire builder.

Tires 99% Excellent

Today these Miller experts are called champions.

Their personal efficiency averages 96 per cent.

If a tire comes back their rating is penalized.

But less than 1 per cent of the tires they build ever need adjustment.

That means that Millers are 99 per cent excellent.

In addition to stabilized mileage, Miller Tires give utmost safety. One reason is they are geared-to-the-road.

Their ratchet-like tread engages the ground as you go. This counters the tendency to skid.

Few Can Get Them

Such tires as these cannot be produced where quantity output rules. For picked men are rare. It takes years to make champions.

If you want to be *sure* of getting Millers this year, you must reserve your supply at once. Only enough for one motorist in fifty will be made this year.

Miller Cord Tires are the fine big fellows with the extra large air capacity. There is nothing more luxurious, yet they cost less per mile than regulation type.



THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—the Team-Mates of Uniform Tires

Branches and Distributors in All Principal Cities

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Special Offer

Enclosed find one Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

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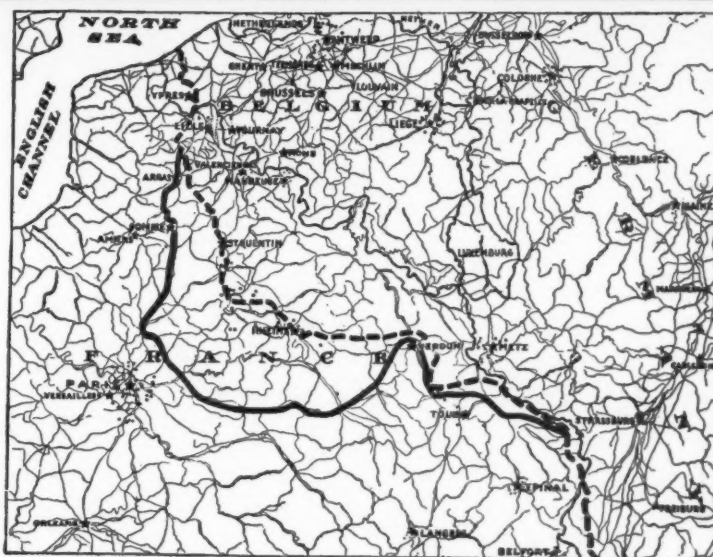
Our Boys Number of LIFE is the next issue. It will celebrate the entry of the American soldier into the European War.

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Complete Map of the Western Front Sent Free. See Coupon

Peace By Summer?

Why Roulers May be the Kaiser's Waterloo

THERE is no doubt of the ultimate outcome of the war. Temporary success may attend German efforts from time to time, but it is only a matter of months, say military experts, when the German war machine will collapse like a wind-blown house of cards. It is impossible, of course, to say where the Kaiser will meet his Waterloo. The English may have an inkling—there are masses of cavalry in waiting at certain points, ready to turn a "strategic retreat" into a rout. The French are silent, but apparently waiting for the summer climax. It seems certain that the end will come somewhere along the irregular line of trenches in France—from the North Sea to the foothills of the Jura Mountains.

To Roulers—57 miles from Waterloo—may fall the destiny of being, to the Kaiser, what Waterloo was to Napoleon—the end of a dream of world domination.

Roulers the Objective

Roulers is the "solar plexus" of German control over the seacoast of Belgium. This is the logical goal of the British troops at Ypres. The distance between Ypres and Roulers is just 12 miles. By next summer it seems certain that artillery and infantry pressure will beat down German resistance in this sector.

With the fall of Roulers will come a vast Teutonic retreat, the surrender of the submarine bases at Ostend and Zeebrugge, the beginning of the collapse of German power in Belgium.

Critical Days at Hand

As the battle line struggles forward from day to day it is interesting to know why the Allies manœuvre for positions south of Dixmude, why they fight so bitterly around Lens and prepare so craftily to drive east on Lille, and north on Rheims. It is to sweep the Germans out of Belgium! Once out of Belgium, Germany's cause is as lost as a penny at the ocean's bottom. And no one knows this better than the Kaiser.

The critical days are close at hand. Every American, to understand what is going on from day to day, must watch closely every move of the Allied troops. Much hinges on what is going on from day to day. The scale of activity is measured, not in miles but in fractions of a mile. Every place on the battle line means something in the history that is being made. No place is too little for vast achievements to occur.

The Value of Maps

In order to follow the battle lines intelligently it is necessary to have a complete set of world maps. Nothing is so discouraging as to read of towns we know nothing about—have no idea of their position in relation to other towns or the battles being fought. In every home there should be a map of every nation at war if we are to understand exactly what our gains mean and when peace may reasonably be expected. The world's history is told by maps. The world's progress is told by maps. You must have maps to visualize the dream of the Kaiser, the object of the Allies, the progress of the Great War.

To meet the present emergency for a complete set of world maps, Doubleday, Page & Co. are now offering a new War Atlas, containing 240 pages of maps—political, economic, geographic, vegetation, popula-

tion, language, racial, physical, historical. This remarkable Atlas shows the history of the world by maps and enables one to understand the racial prejudices that caused the present war. It answers every question you can ask about the world and its making. No home—especially where there are children—should be without this Atlas. To those who purchase the Atlas now, a complete set of After-the-War Maps will also be sent, without charge.

Dollar Map of Western Front Free

As an added inducement for prompt action, Doubleday, Page & Co. will send a new map of the Western Front, showing over 7,000 places, completely indexed. In addition to 7,000 towns, cities, and hamlets, this map gives all woods, fortresses, fortified towns, naval arsenals, forts, redoubts, batteries, aircraft depots, wireless stations and railways. The forests and woods are indicated in green. The scale of map is 10 miles to the inch. It extends west to Ashford, England; north to Antwerp, Belgium; east to Frankfurt, Germany, and south to Orleans, France. It shows for comparison the battle line of 1914, when the Germans were almost at the gates of Paris. The ground gained by the Allies, therefore, may be plainly seen. This remarkable map measures 28 x 36 inches but folds into a convenient cover, 5½ x 7½ inches, just right to carry conveniently in the pocket for frequent consultation. Over twenty-five thousand of these maps have been sold at \$1.00 each.

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While the first edition lasts, you may secure the NEW Doubleday-Page War Atlas at an amazingly low price and on free examination. Send no money now. Merely mail the coupon and the Atlas, together with the large Map of the Western Front, and index of 7,000 places, will be sent prepaid. Then, after examining them, decide whether you can afford not to have them in your home.

Great history is being made. The Armageddon of the nations is being fought, and America's sons are there. Can you sit blindfolded in such times—blindfolded when it is so easy to see and understand exactly where every place is and why it means so much to the warring nations? You must have a complete map of the Western Front—maps of all fronts—of all the world.

Send the coupon or write a letter now and see if this Atlas isn't exactly what you need

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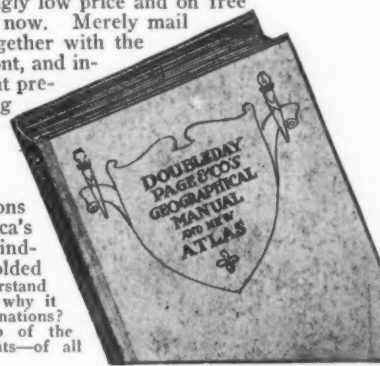
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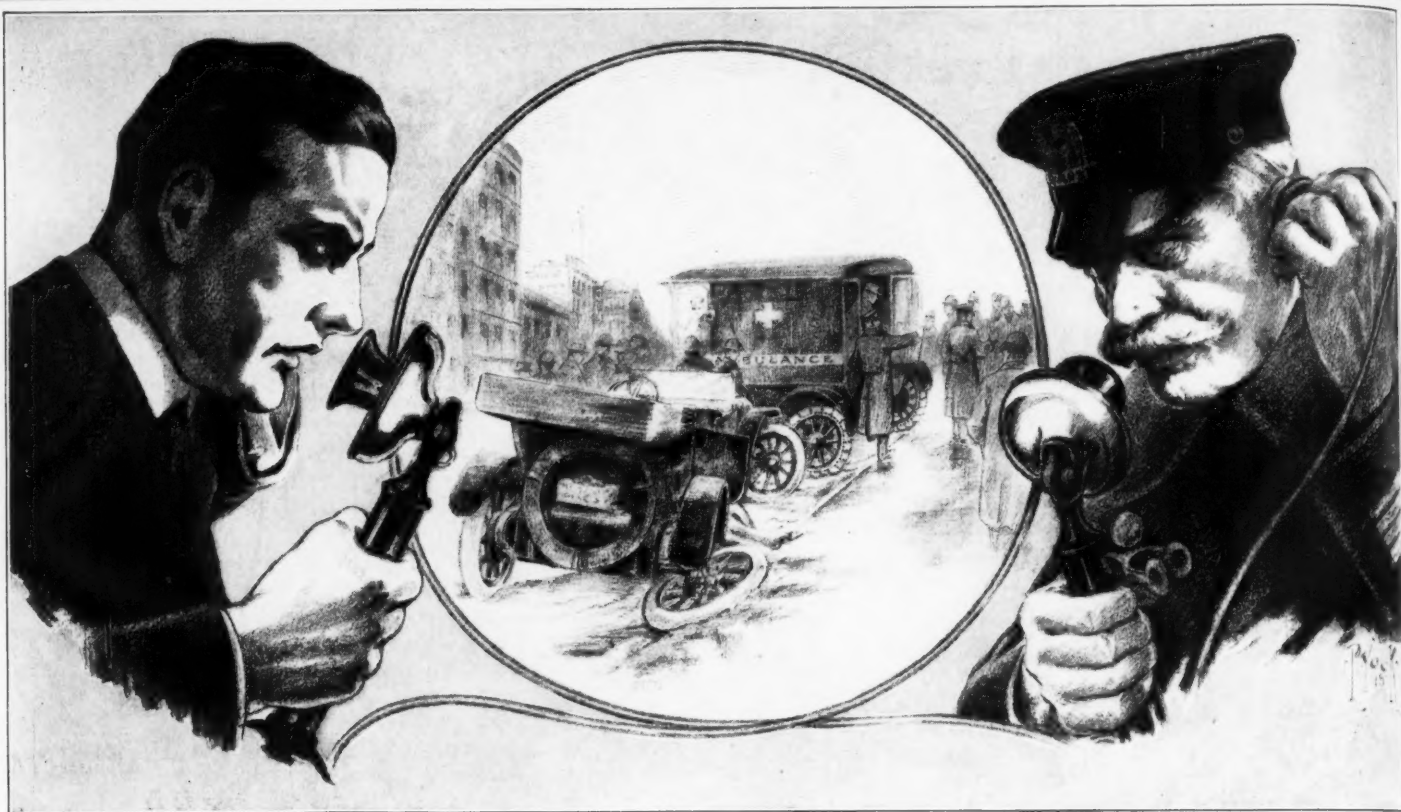
Send me, all charges prepaid, Doubleday, Page & Co.'s New Atlas, measuring 10 x 12½ inches—bound in fine, silk cloth, stamped in gold. If it is not satisfactory I will return it within 10 days, at your expense. Otherwise, I will send you 50 cents at once and \$1.00 a month for 5 months. (If you prefer you may send \$5 with this coupon.) It is understood that I am to receive the large Dollar Map of the Western Front at once and a complete set of After-the-War Maps free if I decide to keep the Atlas after examination.

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Address.....

For rich, limp leather binding change coupon to 7 months instead of 5—\$7 cash instead of \$5.





“What! My Car?”

“Yes! skidded—and it’s up to you. You failed to provide the chauffeur with Tire Chains. Only good luck saved your wife from paying the supreme penalty for your negligence. She’s on the way to the hospital painfully injured, but the doctor thinks she’ll pull through. You’d better hurry to the hospital and then report to Headquarters.”

How strange it is that disaster must come to some men before they realize that all makes and types of tires will skid on wet pavements and muddy roads when not equipped with Chains.

These men do not appreciate until too late, that by failing to provide Weed Anti-Skid Chains they

expose their families to injury and death.

The time to provide against accidents is before they happen. Don’t wait until after the first skid. Put Weed Chains on all four tires at the first indication of slippery going and you will have quadruple protection against injury, death, car damage and law suits.

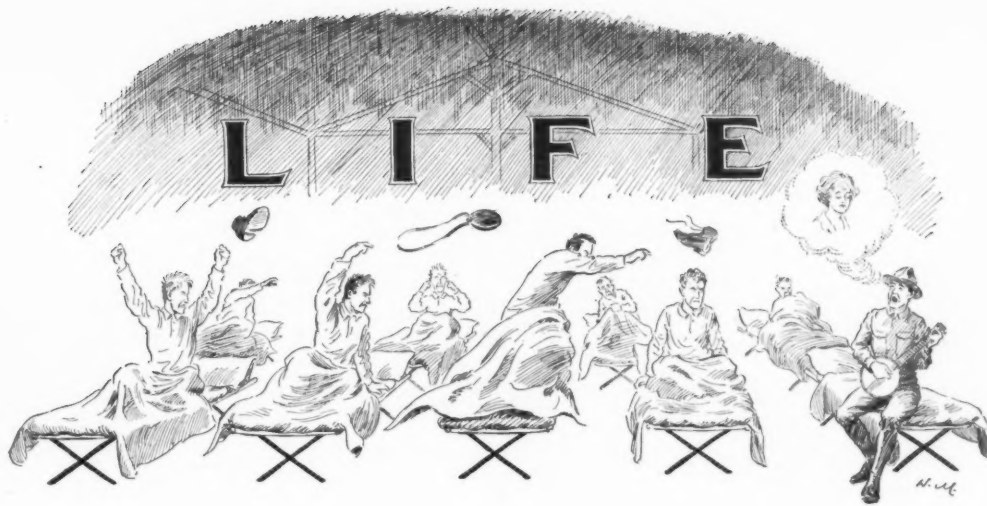


Weed Chains are Sold for All Tires by Dealers Everywhere

American Chain Company, Incorporated

BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

IN CANADA ; DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, LIMITED, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO.



The Ghost Ships

NOW to the German mariner
Who played his lawless pirate
part
The sea is peopled with strange sails
That shake his heart.

Upon his track there follow fast
The ghosts of good ships he has
slain
That ever for their vengeance sail
The haunted main.

And then the shapes of ships to be
Pass swift before his frightened eyes,
Like children waiting to be called
From Paradise.

McLandburgh Wilson.



THE WOMAN WHO UNDERSTANDS HIM



"THE HUN I GOT IT FROM HAD NO MORE USE FOR IT"

Coal

A FAR in the moist Carboniferous time
 I grew from the Paleozoical slime
 A Lepidodendron with boughs on my stem,
 And Lepidostrobus grew upon them.
 My roots in the mud of the ages I spread
 And up to the heavens I vaunted my head;
 I thrived in the heat of a tropical sun,—
 And now I am Coal at ten dollars a ton!

Dividing the marshes in watery lanes,
 The tapering Calamites billowed their manes;
 By somnolent rivers and shadowy ponds
 The tree-ferns uplifted their beckoning fronds;
 And, stately and tall in the neighboring wood,
 With shimmering cones the Dadoxylons stood;
 Those goodly companions of whom I was one,—
 And now they are Coal at ten dollars a ton!

Oh, strange were the wings in the skies that I knew!
 Aye, strange were the Creatures that nested and flew.
 And darkling and drear were the waters beneath
 Where fierce Labyrinthodonts gritted their teeth
 And swift Xenacanthuses flashed on their prey!
 They mocked us! I warned them, "Rejoice while ye may!
 For, greedy marauders, your day will be done
 When we shall be Coal at ten dollars a ton!"

Behold! from my bed on the primitive shale
 How swiftly they raise me! The steeds of the rail
 Are mine!—yea, and mine are the fleets of the sea,
 For shivering multitudes clamor for me!
 Then, chariot-borne through the sleet and the snow
 Of winter-bound cities, triumphant I go,
 In glory and dignity second to none,
 Because I am Coal at ten dollars a ton!

Arthur Guiterman.

The Call for Big Men

THERE are still people who grumble because the American delegation to the Allied War Conference in Paris was not individually more distinguished. Some complainants begin with Colonel House, saying that he was not a person of sufficient consequence to represent the nation on such an errand; that Congress never had a voice in sending him; that he was a man in the shadow, the President's deputy and nothing more.

Others begin after Colonel House, admitting that the Texas Colonel was, for one reason or another, as good a man to head the delegation as could have been found. But, oh! they say, why didn't the President pick more real stars to go with him! A. will say that Y. and Z. and possibly X. in the delegation were well enough, but who ever heard before of U., V. or W.? B. will tell you that U. and W. were not so bad, but that it was an affront to our own nation, and not polite to the Allies, to send to meet their top-hole statesmen such obscurities as V., Y., X. and Z. A. and B. will concur in feeling and disclosing that with Mr. Taft, Colonel Roosevelt, Mr. Root, General Wood and all the bankers and lawyers in the country available for this honorable duty, the selection of delegates showed a deplorable taste for inconspicuous men.

Nevertheless the delegation seems to have done its errand very well. One hears nothing to the contrary, nor is there reason to suspect that deficiencies in its members have been hid.

All the same the conviction will remain in the bosoms of many citizens, especially those who have been used to vote the Republican ticket, that the concerns of the country in this time of crisis are too generally in the hands of pigmies. Nobody—except possibly Colonel Roosevelt—ventures any more to say that Mr. Wilson is small potatoes. It is admitted that he is good in his line, and a qualified expert on the typewriter. But they say he prefers second-rate men as being the only kind he can handle. Complainants cry, "Why doesn't he get our Hindenburgs on the job?" There are loud cries for Hindenburgs. George Harvey thinks it a sad waste that the great weight of Hindenburg Roosevelt isn't put into the war.

As to that, it is just about as easy for Mr. Wilson to use the Colonel in this war as it would have been for President Lincoln to use McClellan after depriving him of his command. As McClellan was the centre of opposition to Lincoln so Roosevelt is the centre of opposition to Wilson.

General Wood is so tied up to

Roosevelt and has been so openly sympathetic with his revilings of the efforts of the administration that it has been hard to use him either. But he is considered a highly competent soldier, and is in Europe now, and it may be the intention to employ him there. If it can be done it would cheer up a good many of the downcast.

Great men are not made by appointment. They have to develop, and to find their places. The ablest men in the country, without distinction of politics, are on the war job now. Washington is full of them. They are working everywhere. Some have found their places. A great many have not. Some have assembled the machinery they must work with. Many have not. A good many small men are in big men's places, and *vice versa*. It is distressing, but very hard to help except as the less competent fall down on their tasks and the more competent climb over them.

Mr. Wilson's strength is rather in his handling of ideas than as a picker and user of men, and his grasp of ideas is of supreme importance and value. Nevertheless he has picked some very good men—or they have picked him—and it must be remembered that he has had to use and to get along with a great many men he



STARS THAT ARE SONS

did not pick. He did not select Congress, nor the Senate, nor Mr. Reed, nor even Mr. Kitchin, nor the bureau chiefs who run the Washington departments, except a few at the top. He has made his mistakes no doubt, but the loss to the country by his alleged avoidance of big men is a good deal exaggerated. Big men are useful in the places they have made and grown to. They fit those places and can handle the duties of them. Take them out and put them in other places fitted with machinery that they are not used to, and the chances are against their success. Men who have not yet become illustrious, and are not crusted over with advertisement and prestige, are more flexible and nimbler. Men of ability with reputations to make are the sort that come up in great crises.

Not one of the big men of the Civil War started with a great reputation. Lincoln did not, nor Grant, nor Sherman, nor Stanton. Lincoln was a political speculation, and distrusted by most of the East. Grant and Sherman were obscure: Stanton not a national figure. Fremont was a national hero. Ben Butler a national notoriety. Seward had the most reputation to start with and added to it, but most of the ready-made big men, whether soldiers, civilians or politicians, dwindled in practice.

E. S. M.

"WE must cut out all the non-essentials."

"Why not begin with the heads of some of the departments?"



"Oil on the troubled waters"



WHEN WE DEAD AWAKE



Bishop: BY FAITH ARE WE SAVED—

Soulful Lady: BUT HOW ACQUIRE IT?

Husband: EASY, ISN'T IT, BISHOP? JUST CULTIVATE THE HABIT OF BELIEVING WHAT YOU KNOW TO BE UNTRUE.

Let Him Learn

PRINCE H. H. ONG CHOW ARTHIT, son of the King of Siam and heir to the Siamese throne, is now in this country, where he will be educated under the patronage of the Siamese embassy at Washington. The prince is twelve years old. He will be instructed in American ways.

Let us hope that the education of this young man will be thorough. While he is here he ought to learn all the ropes. He may learn how to equip an army in such a manner that nobody will have any clothes to wear or guns to shoot; that he will allow his property to be destroyed by "friendly" people with bombs; that he will permit hysterical ladies with pathologically inclined suffragette tendencies to sit on the fence in front of his house and wave banners; that he

will turn over his storerooms and household economies to pothouse politicians, and that, no matter how incompetent all the people about him may prove themselves to be, under no conceivable circumstances will he think of getting rid of them.

When the Prince of Siam has learned a few of these things he will be able to go back to his own country and make a noise like a genuine simon-pure democracy.

Previous

"DO you mean to say that you knew before about the incompetence in the Ordnance Department?"

"Oh, a long time ago. Why, I knew it almost as soon as Germany did."

Our Recent Frost-Bite

COLDEST spell of weather hereabouts for eighty-one years, the weather sharps said. And for once we believed them.

We would have had more fun with it if it hadn't been for the war and the embarrassment about fuel. In middle Massachusetts it was possible for optimists to look on the bright side. The *Springfield Republican* reported, between shivers, that the ice companies were getting in the best ice ever cut; eighteen inches thick, and high grade.

The chilblain crop was also fine, even here. People observed, however, that they did not die as promptly of any moderate degree of cold as they would have expected. Many dwellings used to a temperature of seventy degrees got down to fifty degrees, or lower. As a rule the people stood it better than the plumbing pipes did. People can put on more clothes and draw up to a fire, if there is one, but plumbing pipes can't. When plumbers' bills come in in February our people will dislike the Kaiser more than ever.

One result of the cold bite was the discovery that we could live in much colder houses than we do, and still prosper fairly in health. Thicker clothes and tighter built houses could be made to save immense quantities of coal. They do in Europe. When we are cold we turn on more heat or put more coal in the furnace or the grate, or more wood on the fire. But arctics keep the feet warm in the parlor just as well as in the street. London dresses warmer than New York all the year round. The weight of cloth in our



"You are the one I'll talk with"



THE FOOD QUESTION

army uniforms is less than that in uniforms in Europe. In New York City especially all clothing tends to lighter weight. Ordinarily, winter here is a mild performance, varied with a few cold days. Houses and offices are kept at seventy degrees, public vehicles are heated, streets are cleared of snow, and real winter clothes are seldom necessary.

NINETEEN SEVENTEEN and eighteen may be known to posterity as the memorable years in which the followers of Christ, recovering Jerusalem from the Moslems, took

over also Mahomet's famous tenet of prohibition of rum and looked thoughtfully at his attractive provision for polygamy.

Welcome

I HEAR Briggs has gone to jail because he didn't make out his income-tax report right."

"How relieved he must be!"

THE trouble about complaints is that elaborate complaint implies too much leisure in the complainer. The men complained of are usually working hard for the war.

The New Order

SCENE: *The home of a college professor. The professor himself is seated at his desk, surrounded on all sides by books, which also line the walls of the room in serried rows. The door opens, and a young man of twenty-one enters, in uniform.*

THE SON: Hello, pop!

THE PROFESSOR (*looking up vaguely*): Why, hello! Bless me, it is my son! I am glad to see you. Your mother has been absent now for some hours, and your sister is, as usual, out. I have some new thought on the war, and I should like to have discourse with you.

THE SON: Well, pop, I hope you will cut it short.

THE PROFESSOR: I have discovered

a philosophical principle underlying the whole cataclysm.

THE SON: Well, what of it? Who cares?

THE PROFESSOR (*looking at him almost wildly*): What! Can it be that you, too, have degenerated so rapidly? My boy, my boy, I had hopes of you. I may solve the problem of this war.

THE SON: Look here, pop, we may as well have a plain talk. I've been fed up on your highbrow stuff all my life, and I have come here in a decent way to make a proposition to make a man of you.

THE PROFESSOR (*rising*): What do you mean?

THE SON: Listen—for once in your life. I know you are not used to it—

but listen. I mean no disrespect, but you belong to the passing generation of highbrows. All your life you have been feeding on books and theories, and have been spouting them in the class room, until you have become obsessed by the thought that you are somebody. You know Latin and Greek and philosophy and psychology and a number of other useless things. Now the world appraises a man at his real value. And how much do you make out of it—about three thousand a year, don't you?

THE PROFESSOR: What is money?

THE SON: Nothing much, except as an index to a man's practical abilities. Now you fed this stuff into me from the time I was three years old, and I



THE WILLOWBYS' WARD. 35

WHEN MOLLIE'S THOROUGHbred BOSTON TERRIER DISAPPEARED THE PROFESSOR ADVERTISED IN THE PAPERS, OFFERING A REWARD

lapped it up like a kitten does cream. But one year, when I was fourteen, I stole off, unknown to you, with some other fellows, and we established a wireless station in a little hut off in the hills. And I learned how to give and receive messages over the wire better than the rest of them, although I was careful not to let you know anything about it, for fear that I would be discredited, and you might say that I was taking time away from my academic studies. Well, the other day I enlisted as a private. But when they came to question me and to find out what I could really do, I surprised the whole bunch of them by my expert knowledge of a practical thing. The result is that they have given me a job that brings me in more salary than you ever got.

PROFESSOR: Well, what has this to do with me?

THE SON: Simply this: You are in good condition, and I want to give you a real job for once in your life. I need an orderly. Come, pop, and take the job. Believe me when I say that six months in France with me will make a man of you!

A Form of Logic

IN speaking of the order which made the navy dry, Mrs. Daniels said: "A young Quaker officer was court-martialed and reduced for intoxication. His uncle came and severely upbraided my husband, saying the young man never had touched drink before entering the navy, and learned to drink there. My husband thereupon issued the order which made the navy dry."

Should a sailor fall overboard and drown, would Mr. Daniels forbid all other sailors going to sea?

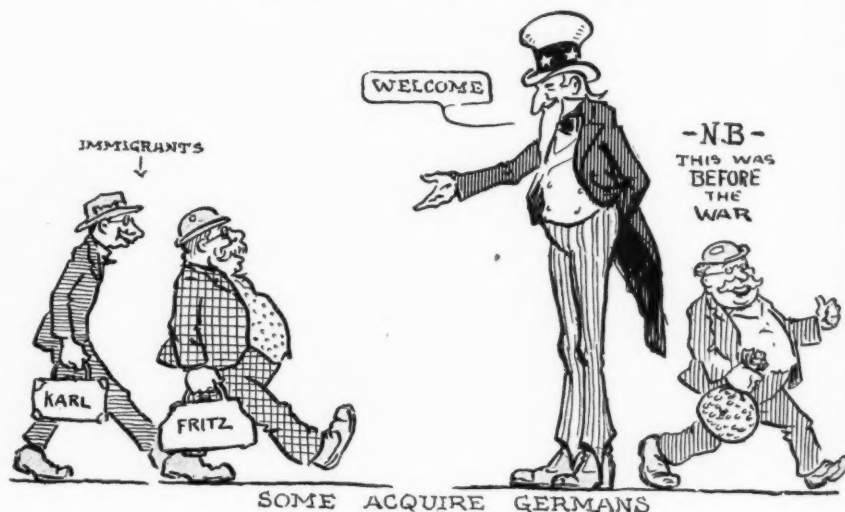
If a middy has a toothache, would he draw the teeth of all the admirals?

He might.

There are minds that move in a mysterious way their wonders to perform.

BINGS: I suppose you are looking for an early peace.

NEWLY COMMISSIONED LIEUTENANT: I should say not! It'll take me a year to break even with the cost of my uniforms.





"I GUESS THE KAISER'LL FIND OUT HE'S STARTED SOMETHING NOW"

The Village School

THEY did not miss a day, not even when
The village was bombarded, and the shot
Rained ruinous on roof and garden-plot;
Their fathers, battling far beyond their ken,
Bade them be dutiful to book and pen;
Thin, white-faced, uncomplaining of their lot,
Each thrilling page makes hunger half forgot,
That teaches of their country's valiant men.

They cheer with gallant tales of old romance
Sad mothers, watching 'neath grim tyranny,
They do not guess, these little sons of France,
Their courage, too, is making history,
As, eyes lit with a mystic radiance,
They chant, "*Allons, enfants de la Patrie!*"
Charlotte Becker.

Either Way

SOME negroes were discussing the death of a small ducky.
The cause of the disaster was clear enough to one of
the men.

"De po chile died frum eatin' too much watah-million,"
he explained.

One of the others looked his doubts.

"Huh," he grunted scornfully, "dar ain't no such thing as
too much watah-million."

"Well den," remarked the first, "dar wasn't enuff boy."

A Loyal Servitor

ASSISTANT: Since you've been away our circulation
has gone up two hundred.

EDITOR (*of country paper*): Well, that was probably an
accident.

"No, sir. I took the utmost pains to let everybody
know."

The Herr Direktor's Folly

According to an official report of the German War Food Bureau, more than ten thousand substitutes are now used in Germany. Seven thousand of these are substitutes for food.—*News item.*

THE official report of the German War Food Bureau was damp from the presses, and the Herr Direktor of the Bureau was in a passion. He coughed out mangled fragments of hyphenated German, and pounded his desk with his fist so ferociously that his desk calendar jumped three feet in the air.

Horried by this explosion, Franz von Eisenblut, Secretary of the Bureau, leaped to attention and trembled violently.

"Thunder-weather!" howled the Herr Direktor, hopping up and down and stabbing at the report with a pudgy forefinger, "where is our vaunted efficiency? What has become of our mastery of details? Why did nobody discover this horrible blunder? We are disgraced!"

"What's the trouble, Herr Direktor?" inquired Secretary von Eisenblut fearfully. "Surely nothing has been left out of the report? I myself went over it very carefully, comparing the proof-sheets with our card-indices. I am positive that every substitute is listed, explained and indexed."

The Herr Direktor snatched out a handful of his scanty hair and cast it recklessly on the floor. "Listen, von Eisenblut," he whispered hoarsely. "Is any mention made in this report of the substitutes which this nation is using in place of Honor? No! Yet there has been no Honor in Germany for years! I have figured that we are using no less than forty-six substitutes for Honor—and none of them any good. Why weren't these substitutes included in our report?"

Secretary von Eisenblut flushed and bit his lip. "I had forgot ten them," he murmured.

"Forgotten! Pfui!" roared the Herr Direktor. "How about the seventy-six substitutes which

the German people are using in place of Truth? You know full well that there hasn't been a grain of Truth in any of the territory belonging to the Central Powers since August, 1914. Did you forget those, too?"

"I didn't exactly forget, Herr Direktor," stammered the Secretary. "I thought that maybe our report would be more readable if those substitutes were—er—overlooked."

"Dumb-head!" shouted the Herr Direktor, "what do I care for readability! I want our report correct. I want it exhaustive and scientifically exact. I want it to include our seventeen substitutes for Chivalry, our nineteen substitutes for Decency, our seventy-five substitutes for Diplomacy, our three

hundred and eight substitutes for Respect of International Law, our thirty-nine substitutes for Brotherly Love, our sixty-one substitutes for Mercy and our ninety-three substitutes for Shame. It makes no difference to me that most of these substitutes are utterly valueless. The mere fact that they are substitutes entitles them to a place in our report; and without them, our report is wholly worthless as an historical document."

Realizing that the Herr Direktor's mind had been affected by the war, Secretary von Eisenblut excused himself at this juncture and hastened to a telephone. Two hours later the Herr Direktor was safely lodged in a padded cell on the charge of Wishing to Tell the German People More Than They Ought to Know.

Kenneth L. Roberts.

Experts

Among the distinguished men and women who, according to Mr. Stewart, have put themselves on record as strongly favorable to the Barnard statue are Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, George Harvey, Albert Shaw, Percy MacKaye, Frederick MacMonnies, Henry McBride, Frederick J. Sterner, Ralph Goddard, Ida M. Tarbell and Henry P. Davison.

—*New York Times.*

HOW those people must hate Lincoln!

THE death recently, at the age of eighty-seven years, of the founder of the osteopathic school of healing will doubtless serve the old-school physicians as a point upon which to hang another moral. Had the father of osteopathy not deserted the allopathic school he doubtless would have lived to a ripe old age.



A SWEETHEART IN EVERY PORT



THE BOYS AT HOME



JANUARY 24, 1918

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 71
No. 1839

Published by

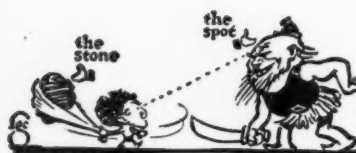
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

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IT says in the paper that the American Museum of Natural History is sending lecturers and

movie outfits to the training camps to acquaint our men about to travel with profitable facts in natural history.

Let us hope they have a movie about the Bolshevik.

He is the most interesting animal that prowls around at present, and now is the time to understand him, for he has escaped from captivity, and goes loose in large numbers in his habitat.

At this distance he is hard to make out. The *World* has been printing some writing of Trotzky, done while he was living here somewhere up near the Zoo, and left for publication at a favorable turn of the market when Trotzky went back to Russia. Some of it reads as much like sense as average writing does. When he says that under the present economic method, which he rudely calls "capitalism," the forces of production have outgrown the limits of nation and state, it only means that the manufacturing countries have to have foreign markets, and that is so. Capitalism, he says, has accomplished the work of making the whole globe one economic workshop, but in accomplishing it the capitalist states were led to struggle for the control of the shop in the interest of the money-getters (bourgeoisie) of each country. Hence wars, and especially this present war, which, he says, is at bottom a revolt of the forces of production against the political form of nation and state. It

means, he says, the collapse of the national state as an independent economic unit. The nation, he thinks, "must continue to exist as a cultural, ideologic and psychological fact, but its economic foundation has been pulled from under its feet." The war, as he sees it, means a breakdown of present national economic centres and the substitution of a world economy instead, but the governments in the war propose to cure it, not "through the intelligent, organized co-operation of all humanity's producers," but by fighting to a finish and then having the victorious country become a world-power and exploit the world economic system for the benefit of its own money-makers.

That seems to define the Pan-German idea, but it is not at all what the Allies are fighting for as disclosed in Mr. Wilson's recent specifications, so generally accepted and applauded by all parties. Mr. Wilson's allusion to "an age that is dead and gone," meaning the age before August 4, 1914, may possibly be stretched to cover the suggestion that the national state as an independent economic unit has had its day, and his stipulations for free seas, the removal of economic barriers so far as possible, and establishment of equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance, seem a fairly obvious drive towards that "intelligent, organized co-operation of all humanity's producers" which Trotzky argues in favor of. Trotzky's economic philosophy and the intentions of the Allies as now taking shape for the reorganization of the world may not be far apart, but how

remote Trotzky's facts would be from the facts of the Allies, nobody can tell. The times are ripe for very great changes, but not yet in the Allied countries for making collections of capitalists in pickle jars for exhibitions in the public museums. Something else must first be found to discharge satisfactorily the capitalist's function.

It does appear, though, that the Pan-German idea will never appeal to sincere Bolsheviks. There is nothing in it for them except bullets.



WHO is the doctor for these times, the visionary or the authentic physician of the old-world school?

The case seems to require a combination of qualities. The man without vision—without vision which reaches far beyond all precedent—cannot possibly cope with the present emergency. And yet the necessary man with vision must be able to keep his feet on the ground and deal with actualities, and use existing means and factors to meet existing situations, or he won't get anywhere. These snakes that beset us are not the imagined serpents of delirium. They are real snakes, and call for the service of a real mongoose.

It was once irreverently remarked in this paper: "Mr. Wilson is a kind of presidential mongoose. The question about him is not whether he is pretty or has affectionate and endearing ways, but a question of snakes; how many, how big."

In his address to Congress on the eighth of January he not only got after all the snakes now prevalent, in detail, but showed endearing ways, besides, in quarters where they seemed likely to do good. He cheered the French; he held out the hand of fellowship to laboring Russia, and published to Belgium, Servia, Armenia, Poland, Rumania, Montenegro and Palestine the high determination of the United States to win them clear of ravage and oppression if it can. Never was so successful a speech! Our President not



Sam: DON'T WORRY; I'LL TAKE YOUR PLACE

only hit the bull's-eye, but filled all the rings around it with appropriate perforations. His habitual supporters are joined by all the hostiles in commending him, the supporters contending that his declaration to see the war through till all wrongs were righted was the greatest deliverance in support of law since the ten commandments; the sometime hostiles contenting themselves with affirmation that he said the right thing, said it all, and said it right.

Mr. Wilson has plenty of vision, and not the sort that may be accumulated overnight, but the long look ahead, matured in thought and proved by practice. The vision the world needs is that which sees in man not body merely, nor body and mind alone, but body, mind and soul, and knows that no provision can last which does not meet

the necessities of the man complete. Political vision is not enough; economic vision is not enough. The vision the world must have is primarily spiritual. It must look to provision for the whole of man. To plan to fill his belly, improve his mind and give him a vote is not enough. He must have something to think of besides his meals, his garb and his elected government or he will soon quarrel with all three. The uneasiest part of him is his soul. Appease that and he will get along. Starve it, and neither politics nor economics will save him.

Mr. Wilson's terms of peace look very like an application of the Golden Rule to world politics with an infusion of the Sermon on the Mount for the benefit of Germans. The inference is permissible that the vision back

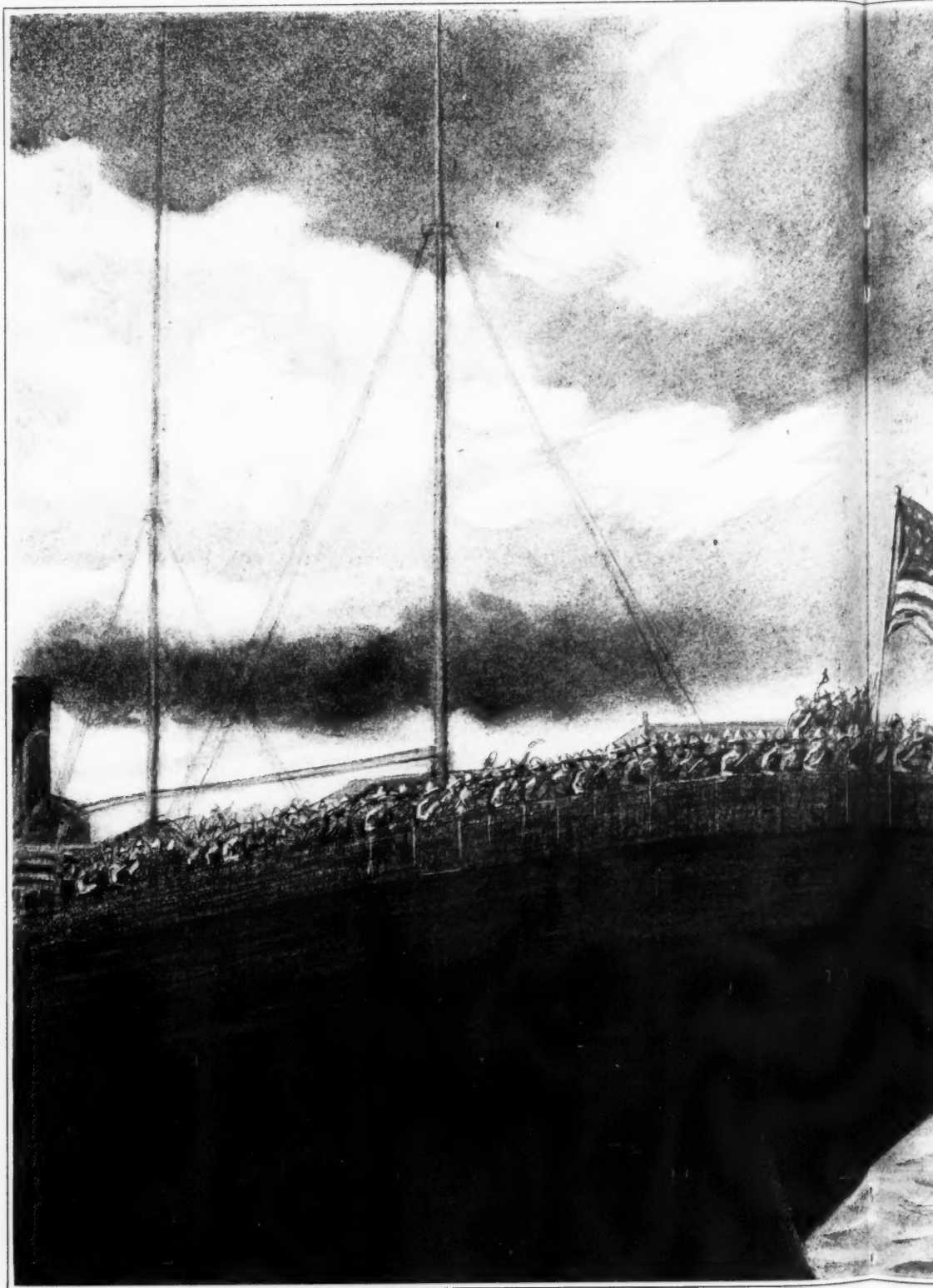
of them is predominantly spiritual and based in Christianity. If the politics and economics of Christendom can be brought back to that, it is possible that the religion of Christendom may be brought back to it also. That would involve no less dislocation of the existing religious establishment than of the existing political and economic establishments, and of course it would take time, but it is as sure as taxes that the world cannot be mended so that it will run smoothly again for any long time merely by tinkering its politics and economics. Religion is bound to be the lubricant, the regulator and the safety brake of all this other apparatus, and unless there is enough of it available to keep the rest of the apparatus in working order the new factory is sure to be a disappointment to idealists, and the scene of strikes and walk-outs as heretofore.



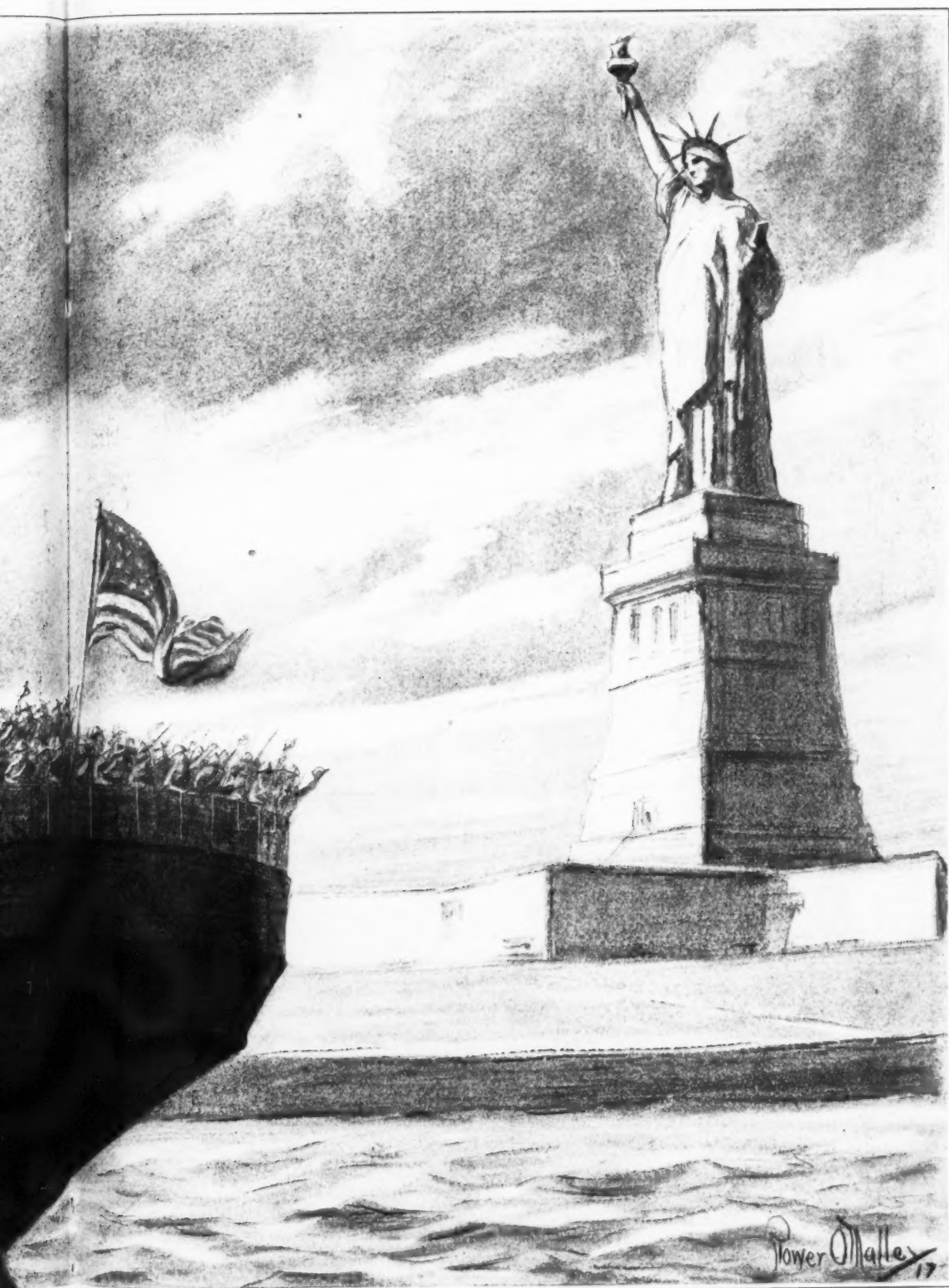
MEANWHILE the world seems about to be saved by votes for women and prohibition, though we cannot yet tell what effect the first of these remedies may have upon the second. The ladies may conclude, as a result of past experience and political experiment, that men are easier managed with a little rum in them, and put off prohibition until they get things somewhat better in hand.

It must have gone rather hard with Mr. Wilson to give his approval, finally, to the suffrage amendment. No doubt he thinks, as heretofore, that it is a matter better left to the states, but these are revolutionary times, in which if you stand in the way of what is coming you get run over. If the amendment passes the Senate the states will still have a shot at it, and by the time it passes, if it does pass, the war may be over, and we may have time to think of such things.

When the frogs were disgruntled and begged for a king, Jupiter threw them a log. When presently they grumbled again, he sent them a stork. Votes for women is only King Log. King Stork as heretofore will be the real ruler of women.



The girl they left behind



girl they left behind them



Blackhandism, Inoculation and the Freedom of Woman



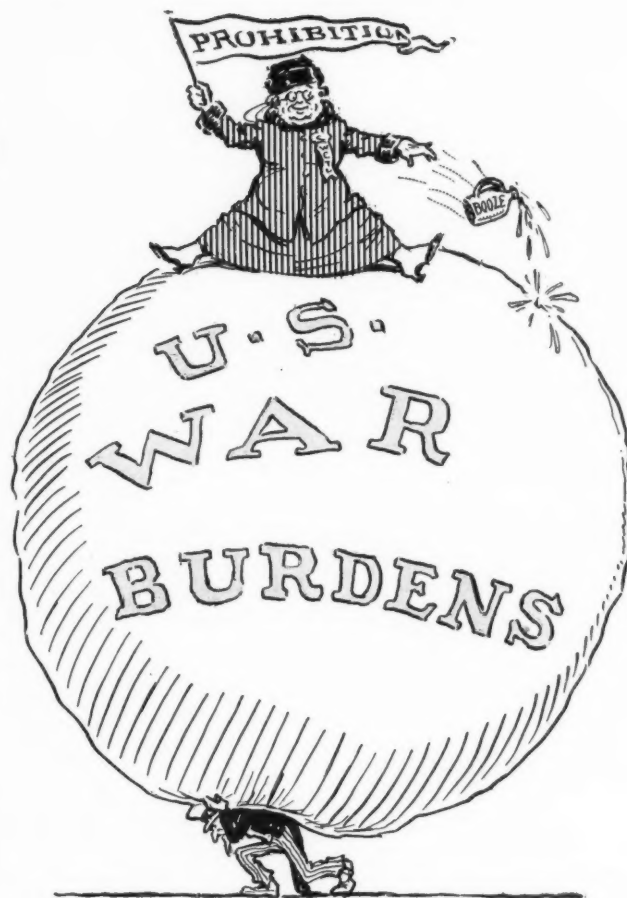
"THE ASSASSIN" was the original title which Mr. Eugene Walter, the author, has softened down into "The Heritage" in fitting his new play for metropolitan uses. The real hero of the melodrama is Mr. Eugene Walter himself, because he dares to set before New York audiences a play with an unhappy ending. Mr. Walter didn't do the thing by halves, either. He lets the final curtain go down with the heroine dying of a nervous and maniacal collapse down stage, while her brother, who is the principal character and villain, goes stark, raving crazy at an up-stage window giving on the passing funeral of the stage hero, who is then the central figure of a first-class police function, with the police band playing Beethoven's funeral march to add to the cheery atmosphere of the scene.



STRANGELY, the first audience did not seem depressed by these tragic occurrences, but left the theatre in rather a jovial mood. Usually the unhappy ending comes in gloom and broken, low-toned sentences, but as the curtain went down on "The Heritage" the brass band was blaring and the villain was raving vociferously. It was a *forte* and noisy climax instead of the unhappy *diminuendo* which sends an audience away saddened and with undried tears on the cheeks.

In leading up to these events the author has had recourse to some treatise on hereditary homicidal mania and to comparatively recent police history. The funeral episode, psychologically compelling the villain to final confession, recalls the melodramatic methods of the late Inspector Byrnes, and the death of the hero, as well as a large part of the plot, seems to be drawn from the tragic career of the late Detective Sergeant Petrosino. To deal successfully with such familiar material requires finer dramatic craftsmanship than Mr. Walter displays in "The Heritage."

Melodrama of this sort makes for good acting opportunities, and these are promptly utilized by everyone from the principals down to the uniformed policemen and Mafia conspirators. Mr. Cyril Keightley's earnestness and thorough absorption in his part get their usual good results, even though the Briton in him will not become entirely Sicilian or even cosmopolitan. Mr. Lowell Sherman makes an excellent policeman in polite attire, but the acting surprise comes from the moving and convincing interpretation given by Madeline Delmar to the character of the young girl who struggles between love, fidelity to tradition and her inherited curse. She made graphic the quick development of the slip of a girl into the prematurely aged woman and sounded notes of real tragedy.



AND SHE THINKS SHE IS HELPING

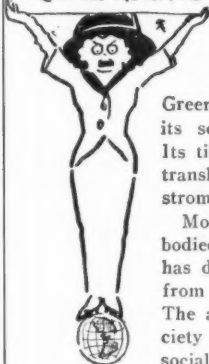
"The Heritage" is pretty crude melodrama, but it has its stirring moments.



M. COPEAU did not make a happy choice in the selection of "La Nouvelle Idole" as the first modern drama to be played by his French company to American audiences. It is virtually a treatise on the using of human beings for the purposes of medical science. The topic is in itself a somewhat revolting one even in print, and more so in stage discussion and physical demonstration. M. de Curel does not make it dramatic, but instead develops what story he has mostly in wearisome talk. The French artists give some excellent illustrations of the art of listening on the stage, but even their resourcefulness in this phase of acting is tried to the utmost. M. Gournac, as the doctor who has made a grievous mistake in inoculating one of his patients with cancer and by way of expiation inoculates himself with the same disease, wastes a large amount of intelligent acting in the attempt to make his talky part interesting. Suzanne Bing finds some opportunities to display pathetic simplicity as the victim of misdirected scientific enterprise.

"La Nouvelle Idole" is decidedly stolid, both in material and in interpretation.

EQUAL RIGHTS!



THE right of women to equality with men in the social treatment of sexual matters is the subject of the Danish propaganda play chosen by the Greenwich Village Theatre for its second play of the season. Its title is "Karen," and it is a translation from Hjalmar Bergstrom by Mr. Edwin Bjorkman.

Modern tendencies are embodied in the young heroine who has dared deliberately to depart from the straight and narrow. The attitude of conventional society is shown in the smug and socially ambitious doctor who wishes to marry but hurries away when she tells him the truth. The urge of youth is demonstrated by a younger brother and sister who are apparently headed along the path chosen by Karen, the heroine. The attitude of religion is figured in the relentless and gospel-spouting father whose scriptural and stern government of his household has driven earthly joy from the home. The only relieving character is the mother who conceals the misdeeds of her offspring, and perhaps typifies human charity.

As a play "Karen" has all the usual cheer and charm of the Scandinavian drama. As an argument it fails because it is an *ex parte* statement of a single case, not exceptional perhaps, but divest-

ed of any extenuating circumstances. It proves not so much that the heroine was right, as that everyone else, especially the bigot father, was wrong.

The most interesting aspect of "Karen" is that it is played at all and that it gains a hearing. Its topic is a familiar one in recent literature, whose discussion on the stage, even in the limited sphere of the present production, is notice that the question of woman's sex freedom is coming up for settlement. On the stage the problem is bound to be presented in more popular form than in this play. The liberty that has come to woman, not through suffrage but through her opportunity and ability to gain her own livelihood unchallenged by church or society, is presenting the problem of "Karen" to many homes high and low. Its discussion is full of dramatic possibilities which are only suggested in "Karen."

The acting is, in the main, better than that in most of the community theatres. Mr Conroy gives an admirable father of the religious, unforgiving type; Miss Marinoff a picturesque and intelligent, though not particularly sympathetic, Karen, and Miss Grace Henderson brings the finish of experience to the rôle of the mother.

"Karen" may not attract the (recently) Gay White Way down to the Greenwich Village Theatre, but the topic of "Karen" is bound frequently to come up to the Gay White Way. Metcalfe.



Dog: AH! THAT'S THE KIND OF FIGHTING MEN WE WANT IN OUR ARMY. SOME PEDIGREE IN THOSE LEGS.

Harris.—"The Naughty Wife." Farical comedy, funny enough and well enough done to deserve a better title.

Hippodrome.—"Cheer Up." Big combination of spectacle, ballet and vaudeville.

Hudson.—"The Pipes of Pan," by Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter. Charming sentimental comedy, excellently played and with a comforting lesson for gentlemen of middle age.

Knickerbocker.—Last week of "The Land of Joy." The delightful Spanish dancers interspersed with American musical comedy.

Liberty.—"Going Up." Unusually amusing musical play with aviation for its topic.

Longacre.—"Yes or No." Interesting and well played drama with a novel double-barreled use of stage possibilities.

Lyceum.—"Tiger Rose." Well staged melodrama of life in the Canadian Northwest.

Lyric.—"Cheating the Public." Moving picture dealing with the food situation.

Manhattan Opera House.—"Experience." Interesting modern morality play.

Maxine Elliott's.—Marjorie Rambeau in "The Eyes of Youth." Very well acted drama of a woman's life with its possibilities exploited in a novel plot.

Morosco.—"Lombardi, Ltd." by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton. Shows that the industry of fashionable dressmaking may have a sentimental as well as a flashy side.

New Amsterdam.—"Cohan Review of 1918." Handsome girl-and-music show with extremely clever burlesques of current plays.

Park.—"Seven Days' Leave." Notice later.

Playhouse.—"The Heritage," by Mr. Eugene Walter. See above.

Plymouth.—"The Gipsy Trail," by Mr. Robert Housum. Very well acted and clever comedy of the day.

Princess.—Closed.

Republic.—"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," by Messrs. Bell and Swan. An absurdly laughable farical comedy depending for a lot of its fun on the unusual personality of Florence Moore.

Shubert.—"Maytime." Unusually pleasant musical play, most agreeably done.

Theatre du Vieux Colombier.—Changing bill of French plays. See above.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Blind Youth" with Mr. Lou Tellegen. The star as the hero of an international sex problem. Interesting and well presented.

Winter Garden.—"Doing Our Bit." The usual big girl-and-music show.

Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic.—Food, diversion and dancing for those who are not yet ready to go to bed when the theatre is over.



Asto.—"Why Marry?" by Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams. Comedy settling the marriage question in the negative. Clever and well played.

Belasco.—"Polly With a Past." Ina Claire as the charming heroine of a well staged and diverting comedy of the day.

Bijou.—"Odds and Ends of 1917." Last week at this theatre of diverting little jumble of girls, music and fun.

Booth.—"Seventeen," by Mr. Booth Tarkington. Notice later.

Broadhurst.—Last week of "Lord and Lady Algy" with Mr. Faversham and Maxine Elliott in the title rôles. Interesting and well played revival of an excellent comedy.

Casino.—"Oh, Boy!" Agreeable musical comedy with laughs and catchy songs.

Century.—"Chu Chin Chow." Spectacle founded on "The Forty Thieves." Gorgeous in color and with interesting musical accompaniment.

Cohan and Harris.—"A Tailor-Made Man." Light comedy, very well acted and dealing with the effect of clothes on success in life.

Cohan's.—"The King" with Mr. Leo Dietrichstein. Highly amusing comedy from the French, well acted, but not quite proper for deacons' wives.

Comedy.—The Washington Square Players in a new bill of plays. Notice later.

Cost.—"Flo Flo." Fairly amusing girl-and-music show, rather over the limit in lines and under the limit in costume.

Criterion.—Laurette Taylor in "Happiness," by Mr. Hartley Manners. The star back to her former Peg form in an interesting contemporaneous comedy.

Eltzinger.—"Business Before Pleasure." The laughable consequences of Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter engaging in the moving-picture business.

Empire.—Ethel Barrymore in "The Lady of the Camellias." A remodelled version of the French drama with the star as a more than usually pathetic Camille.

Forty-fourth Street.—Moving pictures of the United States navy. Very well worth seeing.

Forty-fourth Street Roof.—"Over the Top." The customary girl-and-music show raised to new heights.

Forty-eighth Street.—Closed.

Fulton.—Miss Margaret Anglin in "Billeted." Clever English comedy with a bit of war flavor, delightfully done.

Globe.—"Jack o' Lantern" with Mr. Fred Stone. The star's fun-making with an attractive girl-and-music background.

Greenwich Village.—"Karen," from the Danish of Bergstrom. See above.



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYS
YE PORTRAYTE OF YE DOUGHTY KNYGHT



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYS
YE CLOTHYNGE EMPORIUM



NEWS REACHES MAKUKALUK THAT THERE IS A WAR IN EUROPE

Alien Enemies

A Comedy in One Act of Tragic Import to Americans

Dramatis Personae

HANS, an "alien enemy."

GRETCHEN, his frau.

SCENE: Their dining-room.

PLACE: Somewhere in Manhattan.

(As the curtain rises Hans and Gretchen are discovered eating a light breakfast of beer and ham and sauerkraut and pickled pigs' feet and so on ad nauseam. Hans is reading his morning Tageblatt.)

HANS *(after a pause sufficiently long to permit the audience to drink in, as it were, the details of the scene, putting down his paper impatiently)*: Ain't dot annoying!

GRETCHEN *(after a long pull at the beer)*: Ain't vot annoying?

HANS: Vy, der Bresident hass had der audassity to issue an edict ferbidding all alien enemies to come mittin a hundred yards from der vater-front! Und choost as I vas about to plandt a bomb on dat transport dot sails next Friday morning at two dirty-zix! Gott im Himmel! Ain't ve bombers got a shanst? By Gott!—

GRETCHEN *(interrupting him gently)*: Let's see der paper. *(Takes it and reads, "An 'alien enemy' shall be construed as meaning 'any German or Austrian male', etc., etc.)* Vy, Hans! Vat are you talking about? Vy so down-hearted? Am I dead yet? Haf I losdt my strength? Can't I valk? All iss not lost dat listens like it!

HANS: Vat are you meaning by yourself?—"Can't I valk?" Eh?

GRETCHEN: Such stupidness! Unter dot law I am not an alien enemy! I ain't a male, am I?—At least you didn't

marry me fer von! *(Hans begins to see the light.)* Chust you gif me dot bomb, and ve'll gif dose Yankees such an explosiveness as dey vill remember so long as dey live!

HANS: But you're a voman. I don't like to haf you valking around alone at night. Harm might come to you!

GRETCHEN *(tenderly)*: Stupidness noch einmal! You can go as far as der "dead line" mit me, und den you can gif me der bomb, all wrapt up in brown paper so dey won't suspect nutting, un den I can do de rest. It iss so easy! But if you vant me to haf company, you can send Boris Bogamils und Achmed Gogsak along mit me; dey are Bulgarians und can go anyvere dey vish. Oh, und dere iss Ali Baba und Ben Gobble Gobble, der Turkeys, who could—

HANS *(ecstatically)*: Mein frau! Mein vonderful Gretchen! You are vort more as a hundred alien enemies to der Vaterlandt. You vill get a Iron Cross fer diss! *(Curtain descends rapidly upon a scene of great domestic happiness.)*

Jacob S. Fassett, Jr.

Burdens

A SMALL boy who had been in the habit of leaving food on his plate was warned that Mr. Hoover would not approve of it.

He meditatively replied: "I've always had to mind daddy and mother and Aunt Mary and God, and now here comes along Mr. Hoover."

"DID you take that job for the government, Jim?"
"No, there wasn't a thing in it but the salary."

Renewing the Support



GASTON LACAS-
SAQUE, BABY 1704

IT is now almost two years since the first money contributed by LIFE's readers went to the support of the orphaned French babies. A number of the contributors have written to ask whether further aid will be needed in the cases of the particular children assigned to them.

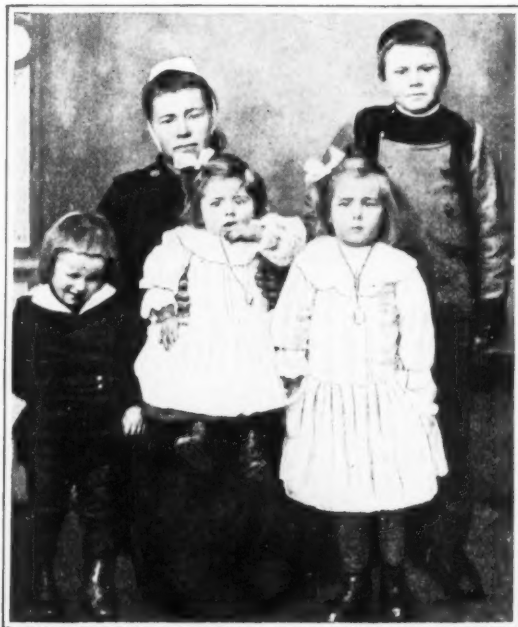
We have referred the question to Paris, and the Society takes the position that, owing to the tender years of the children and the continuance of the war, the further support will be as much needed as it was in the beginning.

Therefore when the time comes we will notify each contributor of seventy-three dollars when the original contribution is exhausted. The notification implies no obligation to renew the support, that being left entirely optional with the contributor.

Again we would call the attention of contributors to the fact that we cannot forward packages of material gifts to the children. The American Red Cross properly holds that shipping space must be reserved for absolute necessities. Money we can send.

It is some time since we printed the plan under which the fund works. Here it is:

A contribution of seventy-three dollars provides that for two years a destitute French child, orphaned by the war, will be kept with its mother or relatives instead of being sent to a public institution, where its chances of survival are less than in a family environment.



THE CORIS FAMILY WITH AUGUSTE, BABY 1653

During this critical period in the child's life its welfare is looked after and the funds disbursed by "The Fatherless Children of France," an organization officered by eminent French men and women. The Society has committees in every part of France, who keep in touch with the children and supervise details of management. Contributions of less than seventy-three dollars are combined until they amount to the larger sum.

As fast as LIFE receives from the Society the names and addresses of the children and their mothers with particulars of the father's death and other information, these are communicated directly to the contributors for the care of each child. The full amount of the funds received by LIFE is put into French exchange at the most favorable rate and remitted to the Society with no deduction whatever for expenses. Checks should be made payable to the order of LIFE Publishing Company.

We have received altogether \$167,972.26, from which we have remitted to Paris 905,864.95 francs. We gratefully acknowledge from

Mariana, Frances M. and Ludolph H. Conklin, Jr., Newark, N. J., for Babies Nos. 2197, 2198 and 2199.....	\$219
Elmer Beller, New York City, for Baby No. 2200.....	73
Emil Mardfin, New York City, for Baby No. 2201.....	73
Marietta Masonic Club, Marietta, Ohio, for Baby No. 2202.....	73
Louis, Lucie, Marie, Edmond, Celine, Helene, Claire and C. M. Martin, Brooklyn, N. Y., for Babies Nos. 2204 to 2211.....	584
Capt. and Mrs. Walter V. Cotchett, Chicago, Ill., for Babies Nos. 2212 to 2218.....	511
Mrs. James D. Wood and Miss Caroline M. Wood, San Diego, Cal., for Babies Nos. 2219 and 2220.....	146
Lieut. and Mrs. Clarke Painter, Sewickley, Pa., for Baby No. 2221.....	73
N. O. Nelson, New Orleans, La., for Baby No. 2222.....	73
Etheredge Walker, San Francisco, Cal., for Baby No. 2223.....	73
Miss Dorcas Hedden, Altamonte Springs, Fla., for Baby No. 2224.....	73
"In memory of Albert Norton Butler," Meriden, Conn., for Baby No. 2225.....	73
L. A. Ault, Cincinnati, Ohio, for Babies Nos. 2226 and 2227.....	146
Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Gardner, Quincy, Ill., for Babies Nos. 2229 and 2230.....	146
Borough of South River, N. J., for Baby No. 2231.....	73
Miss Miriam H. Raymond, Buffalo, N. Y., for Baby No. 2232.....	73
Mrs. S. Edward Stimson and Miss M. A. Parke, Farmington, Conn., for Baby No. 2233.....	73
The three little daughters of H. P. Storer, Buenos Aires, Argentine, S. A., for Baby No. 2234.....	73
Mr. and Mrs. P. S., New York City, for Baby No. 2235.....	73
Betty K. Wheat, Va., for Baby No. 2236.....	73
Mrs. Marcus Boyd, Wyola, Mont., for Baby No. 2237.....	73
Elise Bartlett, Washington, D. C., for Baby No. 2238.....	73
Sarah R., Helen M., Howard B. and Charles C. Wright, Cleveland, Ohio, for Baby No. 2239.....	73
Edward D. Wetmore, Santa Barbara, Cal., for Baby No. 2240.....	73
"Anonymous," Camp Dix, N. J., for Baby No. 2241.....	73
Paul Wilbur, Blairsville, Pa., for Baby No. 2242.....	73
Mr. and Mrs. Otto V. Kruse, Niagara Falls, N. Y., for Baby No. 2243.....	73
Miss Bertha D. Hubbell, Rochester, N. Y., for Baby No. 2244.....	73
The Domestic Science Class of the Birmingham School, Birmingham, Pa., collected by Miss Katharine Bell, instructor, on account of Baby No. 2203.....	36.50
Miss Lila C. Hedges, Haverstraw, N. Y., on account of Baby No. 1873.....	3
Mr. and Mrs. A. Keeney Clarke, New York City, on account of Babies Nos. 1751 and 1752.....	10
Nelson K. Crane, Co. "B," 18th Engineers, American Expeditionary Forces, on account of Baby No. 1750.....	10
Miss Winifred Morris, Swarthmore, Pa., on account of Baby No. 1738.....	3
Lizette Ward, Grenada, Miss., on account of Baby No. 1871.....	3
Mrs. A. S. Sigurdson, Valley City, N. D., on account of Baby No. 2245.....	3
BABY NUMBER 2102.—Already acknowledged, \$63; Mrs. Arthur Luhrs, Phoenix, Ariz. (instead of Miss May Shepperson), \$10.....	73
BABY NUMBER 2150.—W. W. French, Yankton, S. Dak., \$36.50; C. R. Swickard, Columbus, Ohio, \$36.50.....	73
BABY NUMBER 2158.—"A Christmas Gift," Buffalo, N. Y., \$10; "K.," Washington, D. C., \$2.51; John, Ben and David, Colorado Springs, Colo., \$5; "In memory of Albert W. Harris, Jr.," Hudson Falls, N. Y., \$5.50; James Douglas Reynolds, Los Angeles, Cal., \$35.10; Frank Smoyer, Bethlehem, Pa., \$5; Mabel Porter, Red Bluff, Cal., \$5; Mrs. Edwin J. Patton, St. Paul, Minn., \$4.89.....	73
BABY NUMBER 2175.—Mrs. Edwin J. Patton, St. Paul, Minn., \$1.11; North Corner School, Manvel, Texas, \$1.80; Betty Baldwin, Elizabeth, N. J., \$2; James L. Martin, Danville, Ky., \$5; Lula, M. Bruce, Danville, Ky., \$5; Billie Brown, Helena, Mont., \$1; Nelson P. Bonney, Norwich, N. Y., \$6; Mariana, Frances M. and Ludolph H. Conklin, Newark, N. J., \$3; "Anonymous," Auburn, N. Y., \$2; Mr. and Mrs. J. G. O'Connor, Vancouver, B. C., \$20; F. B. L., Quincy, Mass., \$1; Mary Helen Morling, Emmetsburg, Iowa, \$5; "Rockford," \$2; Miss Katharine Lord, refunded war tax from children at holiday matinees, Cohan and Harris Theatre, New York City, \$18.....	73
BABY NUMBER 2228.—"I. H. N.," Newton, Mass., \$36.50; Miss Elizabeth Helm, Rockford, Ill., \$36.50.....	73
BABY NUMBER 2246.—North Corner School, Manvel, Texas.....	1.11

Names of babies assigned to contributors on page 157.

The Jiggerjag

THE agent for the Jiggerjag was superbly calm and sublimely confident.

"My heat controller," he said, "will turn your house into a continuous Palm Beach during the grim, arctic months of winter. Conserves coal. Everything automatically controlled. What time on these cold winter mornings do you rise?"

"About s-s-seven," replied Caperton, his teeth unconsciously chattering at the recollection.

"Well, sir, how would you like to step out into seventy degrees?"

"No supervision?" suggested Caperton.

"None. It's more than human. Works by itself. Put it in for a month, and if you don't like it, no harm done."

"Will you take it out then?"

"Certainly—if it doesn't work."

"And the cost?" whispered Caperton.

"A paltry fifty dollars."

Caperton yielded.

"I'll try it for a month."

The next afternoon, as he entered his house, he was confronted by the person who controlled most of his destinies, whatever they were.

"What is that horrid man doing to my wall?"

Caperton smiled. He took on the same sublime aspect as the agent.

"You little know," he whispered, "what is in store for us. It's the Jiggerjag—one of the greatest inventions of this or any other age. Does everything to a furnace. Uniform temperature. Balmy atmosphere at four A. M. All I do is to wind up a clock at night."

His wife looked at him with a look which for untold ages and generations certain wise women have been in the habit of bestowing on their husbands.

"It's no use explaining to you, my dear girl," he replied, "the principle of a wonderful machine like the Jiggerjag. But wait."

The mechanical representative of the Jiggerjag was now at his elbow.

"Now, sir," he said briskly, "all is ready. What would you like the temperature of your house to be?"

"Say, seventy."

"Seventy it is." He turned a dial to an instrument in the wall. He led the way to the cellar. Caperton's eye in the semi-darkness was greeted with a network of chains extending above the furnace.

"Now, sir, one moment, and I will explain just how the Jiggerjag works. Every night you wind up the clock and

set the control at the hour you want your heat to be turned on. At this hour the dampers automatically open. When the temperature gets to seventy they automatically close."

Caperton, when the man had gone, bounded upstairs to his wife.

Mrs. Caperton had risen and, sniffing, advanced toward him.

"The house is full of coal gas!" she cried.

"Now, my dear, have patience. A little adjustment and it will be all right." Caperton bounded downstairs. He wanted to turn off something, but he didn't know how. Mrs. Caperton was opening up windows on the upper floor. Caperton, desperate, turned the indicator up to eighty degrees. He reasoned that the dampers must open and allow the gas to escape.

"Don't get excited," he said, after a few moments, to his gasping wife. "Of course, with a wonderful machine like the Jiggerjag, some little adjustment is necessary. The coal gas has now gone."

Thirty minutes later, reading his paper in his study, a voice came up to him through the tropic atmosphere.

"The house is on fire!"

Caperton bounded downstairs once more. His wife had a thermometer in her feverish grasp.

"What are you trying to do?" she exclaimed. "Kill us all?"

Caperton rushed down. The furnace was almost a mass of molten metal. Steam was coming from every pore. The blow-pipe was blowing. The radiators above were sizzling. The steam pressure indicator was pushing frantically at the last turnstile. Caperton, with superhuman efforts, threw on coal and ashes like a stoker on an ocean steamer. He telephoned for a local plumber. The Jiggerjag office had closed for the day. The plumber came. He examined the Jiggerjag critically.

"Have you ever seen this machine before?" Caperton whispered dramatically.

"Well, I should say. I've removed 'em from many a house. But if you want real, uniform heat—the genuine Palm Beach variety—you want to use the—"

"Oh, you're the agent for a heat controller, are you?"

"Certainly," said the plumber.

Caperton stopped him.

"My friend," he said, "excuse me, but I am not in a heat controller mood. I don't care to increase my winter stock of heat controllers, no matter what the variety, species, genera, classification or

breed. Detach the Jiggerjag from my furnace, put it back on the old familiar footing and send me the bill."

The plumber did it. Caperton asked the agent to call. That sublime gentleman appeared the next morning.

"How is the Jiggerjag working?" he began.

"It isn't working. It's resting. I've had it detached. I want you to take it away."

"But you haven't given it a fair trial. Tell me what the trouble is."

Caperton smiled. A good night's rest and a period of meditation on the immense variety and diversity of that most interesting and much exploited affair, namely, human nature, had mobilized his tranquillity.

"My friend, sit down and I will tell you. This is an age of machinery. We are all of us obsessed by it. When you came in to see me I had just been reading an article in a magazine on efficiency—and I was for the Jiggerjag strong—in advance. Now the Jiggerjag may be good or it may not be. To be candid with you, I never want to know. If I could spend a few days training myself up to its rhythmic pulsations and could persuade one of the human ball bearings in my house to do the same, if we could remember to wind the clock, to pull the chain, to turn the indicator, at precisely the psychological moment, it would probably work. But you can't count on us. We're too human. I've been asphyxiated, parboiled and frozen all I need. I realize you can cause me more trouble if I refuse to pay your bill than the price of your famous invention. Here's your money. Sign this receipt. Good day."

* * * * *

A few evenings later Mrs. Caperton, looking up from her best seller, said:

"By the way, they came for that dreadful machinery to-day that almost caused our death."

"So?" said Caperton, munching his cigar.

"I hope you didn't pay them anything," said Mrs. Caperton, with unnatural serenity.

"What do you think I am?"

"I don't have to think about you—I know. And knowing that you've paid for the privilege of being imposed upon, don't you think you'd better make me a present of fifty dollars just to keep quiet about it to the neighbors?"

"Well, I'll be jiggerjagged!" said Caperton, blushing as he forked over.



PLUMBER WORKING BY THE HOUR



DOCTOR SPECIALIZING
IN IMAGINARY DISEASES



WAITER - WHILE
HE IS BRINGING
THAT "HURRY-UP"
ORDER



ANY OF US,
WAITING FOR CHANGE

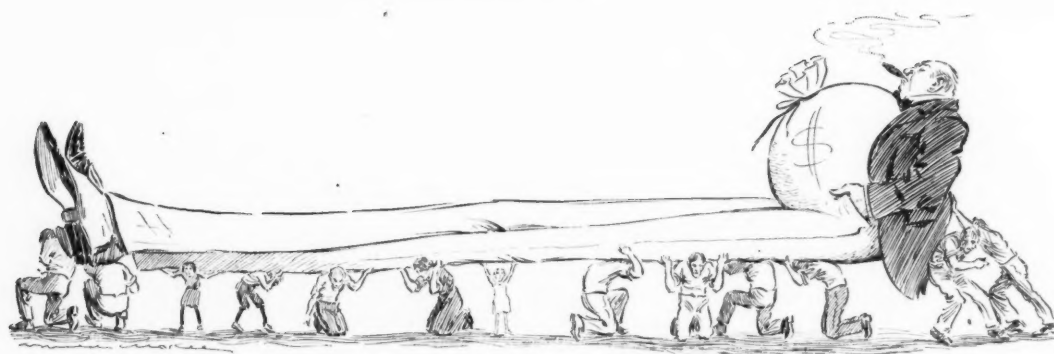


OR KEEPING AN
APPOINTMENT WITH
A WOMAN



TWELVE GOOD MEN AND TRUE WITH NOTHING TO DO

IF FIREMEN KNIT, WHY SHOULDN'T SOME OF THESE?



THE SANCTITY OF WEALTH



Skunk: WHY DOES NOBODY LOVE ME?

Inappropriate Scripture for Mr. Hoover

AND the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat.—*Genesis*, 2:16.

And make me savoury meat, such as I love, and bring it to me, that I may eat.—*Genesis*, 27:4.

We remember the fish which we did eat . . . freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlick.—*Numbers*, 11:5.

Thou mayest eat flesh, whatsoever thy soul lusteth after.—*Deuteronomy*, 12:20.

Thou mayest eat grapes thy fill at thine own pleasure.—*Deuteronomy*, 23:24.

Eat, that thou mayest have strength.—*I Samuel*, 28:22.

Eat thou honey, because it is good; and the honeycomb, which is sweet to thy taste.—*Proverbs*, 24:13.

Let us eat, and be merry.—*Luke*, 15:23.

And they . . . did eat their meat with gladness.—*The Acts*, 2:46.

Let not him which eateth not judge him that eateth.—*Romans*, 14:3.

Whatsoever is set before you, eat, asking no question for conscience sake.—*I Corinthians*, 10:27.

Exclusive

HOKUS: I like a girl who is reserved.

POKUS: So do I, if she is reserved for me.



"Be it ever so humble"

An Average Man?

HE is surrounded by a litter of unabsorbed learning. He possesses an over-supply of books and an under-supply of assimilated information. He desires to be well-read, but lacks the will power for the mental training to enforce systematic and sustained application. He takes a peck at poetry, a squint at science, a dip into the drama, a bite of biography, a peep at political economy, a frantic gobble at current fiction. He is quite content to range no further afield in letters than the "Handy Volume" compresses, which condenses the life of genius to an illegible inch of italic type, and serve up sliced passages from the illustrious one's production. Shrouding himself in the pages of the latest popular magazines, he falls asleep mentally and dreams that he is keeping in tune with the best literature of his day.

H. M. S.



HIS BLIND SIDE



"Here comes the bride"

This Is What

In France there is a definite opinion against emphasizing the names of generals because of the political fear of the "man on horseback" who might ride down the Champs Elysées at the head of his troops and establish a dictatorship. But what, in the name of common sense, has that got to do with America?

—Wythe Williams in *Collier's Weekly*.

IT has this to do with it. Twenty years ago (how time does fly!) we had a little war with Spain, and a Lieutenant Colonel of Rough Riders went to Cuba. He was good copy, and the war reporters concentrated on him. As a result of their kind attentions he was President of the United States for seven years, and a large share of the energies of the nation has had to be devoted ever since to efforts to keep him from breaking back into the White House.

Given a war, a fair choice of men to boost and an uncensored news service, and then no telling what may be made to happen.

Bakerism

THE *Boston Transcript* has discovered a national curse which it calls "Bakerism," and has been going for it with copious quotations from contemporary prints.

It is all right to holler, and when hollering, one should do it with concrete cries. Our war matters limp a good deal, but it is not clear whether Bakerism is the disease or the remedy. The Roosevelt following is generally confident that it is the disease, but the mass of us don't know. Pershing says Baker is the best ever, but perhaps Pershing is grateful that the Colonel is not in France.

The Little Things

EACH day I touch the little things
That he was wont to use—
His pipe, his pen, the paper-knife
Carved with a comic muse.

How can it be that he is gone
When these so homely stay,
As much a part of him as on
The night he went away?

Sometimes I half forget, and at
The doorbell's eager ring,
I think how glad I'll be to hear
His word of welcoming.

And when it seems my heart must
break
To grasp the cruel news—
Each day I touch the little things
That he was wont to use.

Charlotte Becker.



PERCY HAD CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTIONS TO FIGHTING, BUT HE WAS DRAFTED TO NON-COMBATANT DUTY

Last Resort

FIRST SHOE MAN: I don't know what we can do about that last lot of shoes; the material in them is so poor our customers wouldn't buy them at any price.

SECOND SHOE MAN: Well, I suppose we shall have to turn them over to the government.

SOME patriotic American woman might knit the Secretary of the Navy a muffler.



THE FAITHFUL

A Dull Day in the Life of William Gibbs McAdoo

(As Gleaned from Hints in the Newspapers)

- 6-7. Breakfast.
- 7-8. Dictate one hundred and ninety-six letters to secretary.
- 8-9. Rush through Treasury Building and count a million dollars.
- 9-10. Send telegrams to Federal Reserve Banks, as chairman, asking for statements on deposits, names of depositors, etcetera.
- 10-11. Call meeting of Farm Loan Board, as chairman, and decide on good farmers to loan to.
- 11-12. Call on President, as son-in-law, and refuse chairmanships of various boards.
- 12-1. Break luncheon engagement to receive delegation of visiting brakemen who wish to look at new Director-General of Railways.
- 1-2. Receive newspapermen and deny appointment to fifty-seven new boards, issue statements as chairman of eleven old boards, give out interview on freight congestion, and refuse to take blame for existing bad weather.
- 2-3. Call meeting of International High Commission, as chairman, and hastily decide thirty or forty international questions.
- 3-4. Confer with sixteen railroad heads, as Director-General of American Railways, on methods of dealing with striking firemen.
- 4-5. Attempt as D.-G. of A. R., to read time-tables of Boston & Maine and New Haven railroads, and get a headache.
- 5-6. Sign one hundred and ninety-six letters dictated between 7 and 8 A. M., dictate two hundred and forty-three more, telephone twenty-nine people, making appointments for next day.
- 6-7. Dinner.
- 7-midnight. Read newspapers, sign letters, talk to the dictaphone, play with the children, answer the telephone, call up father-in-law, receive callers, submit to being interviewed, glance through magazines, and have a good time generally.

Kenneth L. Roberts.

"ALL things come to him who waits." That is why the wise man hustles!



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Real Trouble

SHE: And what was your most terrifying experience during your two years in the trenches?

HE (*grimly*): The night—

SHE: Yes, yes—

HE: When, with the Boches only one hundred yards away—

SHE: Go on—

HE: And gas bombs raining and liquid fire coursing upon us—

SHE: Yes, yes—

HE: When we suddenly discovered—

SHE: Go on—

HE: That there wasn't a cigarette in our whole detachment.—*Sun Dial*.

Ain't It a Shame?

SOCIAL AGITATOR: Isn't it a shame the way they work the help in this store? Fifteen hours a day, and wages almost nothing!

COMPANION: Why do you trade here?

AGITATOR: Oh, they sell things so much cheaper.—*Chicago Times*.



"IT DOESN'T SUIT MY FIGURE, BUT I S'POSE I'VE GOT TO WEAR IT"

True to Tradition

An English, Irish and Scottish soldier were returning to camp after a stroll. They were footsore and tired, and a kindly farmer on his way home from market gave them a lift on the road.

The soldiers were very grateful and wished to reward the farmer for his kindness.

Said the Englishman: "Let's stand him a drink!"

"Sure," said Pat, "that is agin the law. Let's give him some baccy!"

"Hoot, ma laddies!" interjected the Scot. "Don't be extravagant. Let's shake hands with the mon and wish him good night."—*Tit-Bits*.

POILU: Poor old Rene was sure unlucky.

FRANZ: How?

POILU: Had his head shot off just after he finished shaving.—*Sun Dial*.

TOM: Dick is going into settlement work.

BILL: At the behest of the minister?

TOM: No, at behest of the town merchants.—*Gargoyle*.

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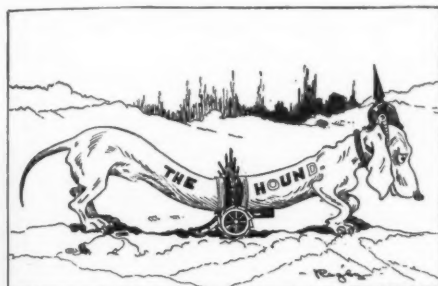


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HIS WEAK SPOT

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
17 West 31st Street, New York

Avenging the Honor of the West

By D. Dimeron

HE was a typical New Yorker, the man I killed. Everything about him was perfect. His hair, a slight wave, just enough. His face, keen-cut, alert. His very being radiated activity. One thought of cold baths, scented with violet ammonia. His clothes spoke of Fifth Avenue. His manners of the British Court.

It was at dinner I met him. He was West on business. Very boring, the West. So crude as yet. He liked the women. Very pretty. Not polished, of course, but attractive. Oh, dear, yes. The men? Good, honest chaps. That of a certainty. But did the tailors in the West cut with mowing machines? The lines, awful. And the shoes. Perhaps polish was cut off by the war. Yet in the East—

I hated him, of course. He was so perfect. My collar felt tight, my clothes too loose. And my hands. Ye gods! the bigness of them.

We talked, or rather he talked. His grammar was quite correct. He knew everything. There were no arguments. He alone knew the right answers. And as he talked I became more and more peevish. And more.

At last the cocktails came. They were good, but ah, we should taste the Ritz-Carlton special. Nothing like it in the West. The oysters? Fair. But not so fresh as on the Atlantic Coast.

And always he used the right fork, and always he ate so correctly. How I hated him!

It was then the frogs' legs came that—but wait. You have beer West? Perhaps you have tasted the frogs' legs at Coppa's, the St. Francis. They cannot be excelled. The crispness. Anxiously, with bated breath, I watched while, with gesture dainty, he took a taste. Did he smack his lips? No, no, it isn't done. But over his face came the smile of satisfaction so rare in an Easterner. And then, again his brow wrinkled. Trembling, I inquired, "You like them?" He glanced at me, through me, and as he dangled a little leg perfectly on his fork, he replied:

"They are surprisingly delicious. Superbly cooked."

I sank back in my chair. At last something was approved. The honor of the West was saved.

But he continued, "Yet, as I look at them, it seems to me they are more bowed than those we get in the East."

It was then I killed him. And as his head tipped forward, he gasped, "Ship my body East. Bury me in New York." He wavered, then with a struggle, looked at me and faintly murmured,

A Universal News Service

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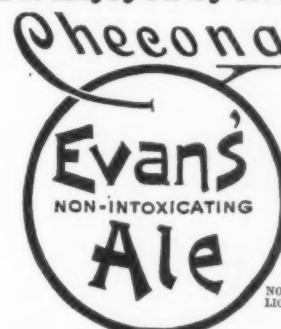
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THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE
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BOSTON U. S. A.

"You stabbed me with the wrong fork. You should have used that for the oysters."

Stunned, I looked. He was right. I had killed him with an oyster fork. What had I eaten my oysters with? There was a spoon missing. Ye gods! Disgraced, I put my head down on the table and wept huge Western tears.

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



French Etiquette

FIRST TOMMY: You didn't 'arf be'ave bad at the feed yesterday, you did.

SECOND TOMMY: Garn! What did I do?

FIRST TOMMY: What didn't you do? I'll jest give yer a couple o' instances. Ter begin wiv, I ain't sure if it's exactly form ter light yer fag when the dessert comes on, but I do know that it ain't right to strike yer bally match on the blomonge!—*Tit-Bits*.

His Sole Duty

"I don't skurcelly see how Nephew Adrian is going to get along over there in Europe," said Mrs. Hornbeak. "He can't speak enough of any foreign language to make himself understood."

"I don't s'pose he'll need to," returned Farmer Hornbeak. "As I understand it, he has gone to shoot Germans, not to debate with 'em."—*Kansas City Star*.

Outclassed

"Well, old Crimson Gulch seems very quiet and orderly," said the travelling salesman.

"Yes," replied Bronco Bob. "When so many of the boys is away handling machine guns it doesn't seem worth while foolin' with a little toy like a six-shooter."—*Washington Star*.

A High Liver

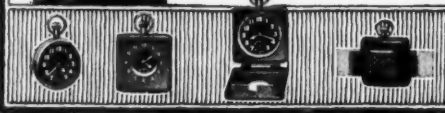
"Oh, mamma, baby is trying to eat a lump of coal."

"Mercy! That child never got his expensive tastes from my side of the family, I'm sure."—*Transcript*.

"ARMORED TANK" BELT WATCH



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Act II—Sc. I

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He Had to Go "Shopping"

Pat walked proudly into his regimental billet wearing a Prussian helmet. Fellow troopers jumped to their feet with questions as to how it had come into his possession.

"I had to kill a hundred Germans before I got it," answered Pat.

"Why a hundred?" asked a dozen of his hearers in chorus.

"Why," replied Pat, "I had to kill a hundred before I got a helmet to fit me!"

—*New York World*.

The New-Fashioned Girl

OLDBOY: What's become of the old-fashioned girl who used to say, "Ask father"?

NEWGUY: She now has a daughter who says, "Give it more gas, George; the old man is gaining on us."—*Mirror*.

"Ma," roared Mr. Jagsby, "where in the demnition bow-wows is my hat? I can't keep a thing about this house. It's a shame the way things disappear without any apparent reason. I would just like to know where that hat is."

"So would I," replied Mrs. Jagsby, coldly. "You didn't have it on when you came home last night."

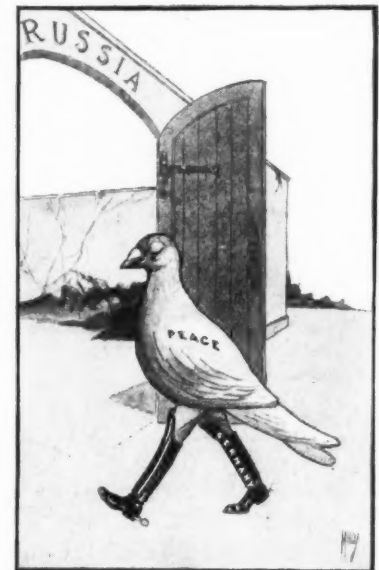
—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

EXAMINER: How is Central America divided?

PUPIL: By earthquakes.

—*Passing Show*.

WHEN Frederick the Great laid the foundation of Prussian militarism he had never known the humanizing influence of a year's subscription to LIFE. If he had, perhaps he would have had less barbaric descendants.



MORE CAMOUFLAGE

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that's all you need to know about a GLOVE.

Mighty Is Serum

It appears that there is a serious alarm among the medical officers of the army and navy over the frequency with which infectious diseases of all kinds develop among the much-inoculated young men now in various training camps throughout the country. Among the diseases which "flare up" upon inoculation, where their existence had not before been suspected, are meningitis at Camp Funston, malaria at Camps Logan and White, typhoid at Camp Dix, measles at Camps Wheeler, Shelby, Sevier and Bowie, and pneumonia at Camp Pike. According to Dr. Charles F. Bolduan, of the New York Board of Health, these are only a few of the diseases prevalent in the recently drafted army. And yet the population adjacent to these camps where disease is rife are to be called on, through their public health authorities, to be very careful not to introduce their infectious diseases among the men in camp! Certainly, other supplies of disease germs than those in the injections of serums would be largely superfluous there.

—From *Living Tissue*.

Too Much

GOOD MINISTER (awaiting the appearance of the lady of the house): What is that, my little dear?

LITTLE GIRL: My apron. I've going to put it in the wash. Mamma got it all dirty.

"She did?"

"Yes, sir; she took it up just now to dust the Bible."—*Pearson's Weekly*.

THE moving reason for Tom Sawyer's willingness to let the other boys enjoy the privilege of painting the fence was that it was Tuesday, and the Sawyers' regular copy of LIFE had just come in.

French Babies

(Continued from page 147)

1824. Melanie Le Gall. A. M. Lester, L. E. Wood, A. W. Porter, F. S. Greenlee, R. M. Barthold and Oscar Hoffman.
1895. Pierre Leger. G. A. Brown.
1877. Toussaint Marie Le Mentec. Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Harris.
1842. Emilie Loos. Mrs. J. J. Morgan.
1875. Marie Jeane Louboutin. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bennett.
1831. Marie Marreau. Mrs. Blanche Irbé Bremner.
1832. Odette Marreau. Mrs. Blanche Irbé Bremner.
1861. Louis Mauger. William Bunker.
1896. Léontine Monribeau. George A. Brown.

1876. Anne Jeanne Morel. Mr. and Mrs. Howard S. F. Randolph.
1913. Jean Paixach. Dr. and Mrs. Charles A. Holder.
1899. Marcel Panchou. D. H. Grandin Milling Co.
1830. Berthe Penhoet. Mrs. Blanche Irbé Bremner.
1898. Marguerite Perrier. N. O. Nelson.
1904. Jean Peyrac. M. L. Hughes.
1869. Georges Pleuvry. Mrs. William I. Spicer.
1821. Ernest Plouviez. Mrs. John G. Howard.
1865. Liliane Poggi. Mrs. William Bunker.
1914. Henri Pomarel. Miss Louise Ruffin.
1885. Elie Portets. The Shakespeare Club of Bangor, Maine.
1840. Agnès Ravenel. Miss Mary E. Hare.



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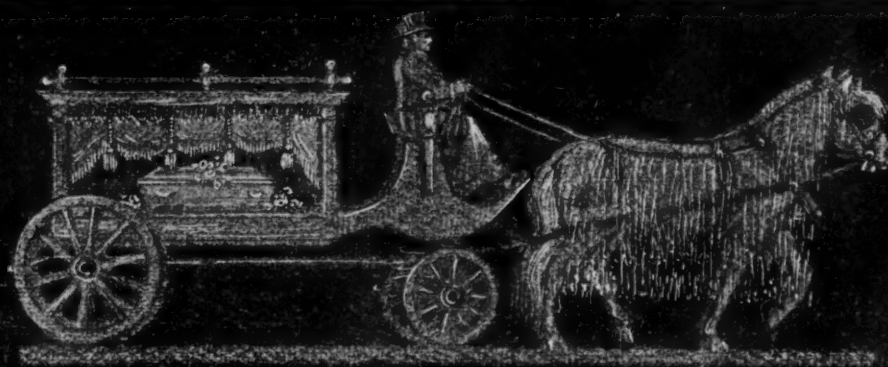
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The Little White Hearse

They named him Samuel because it means "asked for of God."

But it seemed as though God might ask him back again, for the little body was emaciated and the great dark eyes carried in their depths the sorrow of the world.

Their first baby "born blind" (because of the midwife's inattention) had died after a few months, from impure milk, but the poor parents thought it was the judgment of God, in their ignorance.

So Samuel received every attention. They bought from the midwife a potent charm to hang around their infant's neck—the claw of a black hen sewed up in a little bag. His anxious mother tempted him with nice ripe bananas and gave him tea to keep up his strength; and the good father every payday brought home a new kind of patent medicine.

But even this did no good, and once again the little white hearse drew up at the door—to take away the hope and future of a lonely family.

Samuel was only one of a hundred thou-

sand babies needlessly sacrificed last year. Sacrificed through ignorance and carelessness, not of the individual parents but of the community itself. One baby in every seven born in America dies before it is a year old, and one half of these deaths are an indictment of every community where they occur.

You who devote time and money and heart-aches patching up men wounded on the far fields of France, is it a less important war measure for the future of our country to save the lives of the new generation?

Are you following the campaign of The Delineator to Save the Seventh Baby? Is your community one of those, like Rome, Ga., Fort Smith, Ark., Putnam, Conn., Cheyenne, Wyo., or Pittsfield, Mass., that through the aid of The Delineator have become safer places for babies to be born and reared in? Have you done your bit to put a little white hearse out of business?

We ask your help, not in money but in interest, to win the fight for the life of the Seventh Baby. Read The Delineator.

THE DELINEATOR

The Diary of a Nation

War Editorials from LIFE
By EDWARD S. MARTIN

What the Reviewers say about it:

From the Boston Transcript:

An American product is LIFE, just as *Punch* is a fruit of Great Britain's national existence. It has assumed a semi-political rank during the last three years through its Yankee freedom of critical, sometimes caustic, speech when reflecting upon our part, or former lack of part in the war. Mr. Martin has come near to being the James Russell Lowell of the day, in his frequent comments on the conflict in its many kaleidoscopic variations, comments that have stood pat with the sensations and sympathies of thousands of staunch Americans. He has been the able mouthpiece of a multitude.

One of the best of the selections in "The Diary of a Nation" is that on England's bulldog grip, "Hold On, John Bull!" a three page compressed statement of all the best instincts of our kinship with Great Britain.

From the New York Evening Post:

A sort of literary motion-picture—a progressive portrayal of the development of American sentiment in response to the development of the conflict.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer:

This is one of the few war books to be kept for all time.

From the London Spectator:

These articles from New York LIFE stand for a type of editorial comment for which there is no parallel in British

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From the Boston Herald:

Neither pacifist nor jingo, Mr. Martin has sanely summed up the war from week to week. Those who do not agree with him in this or that pronouncement will at least grant that he does not "slop over." His leaders on developments of the war from the first German rush into Belgium to the time of this country's entry as a belligerent are pointed expression of representative American opinion.

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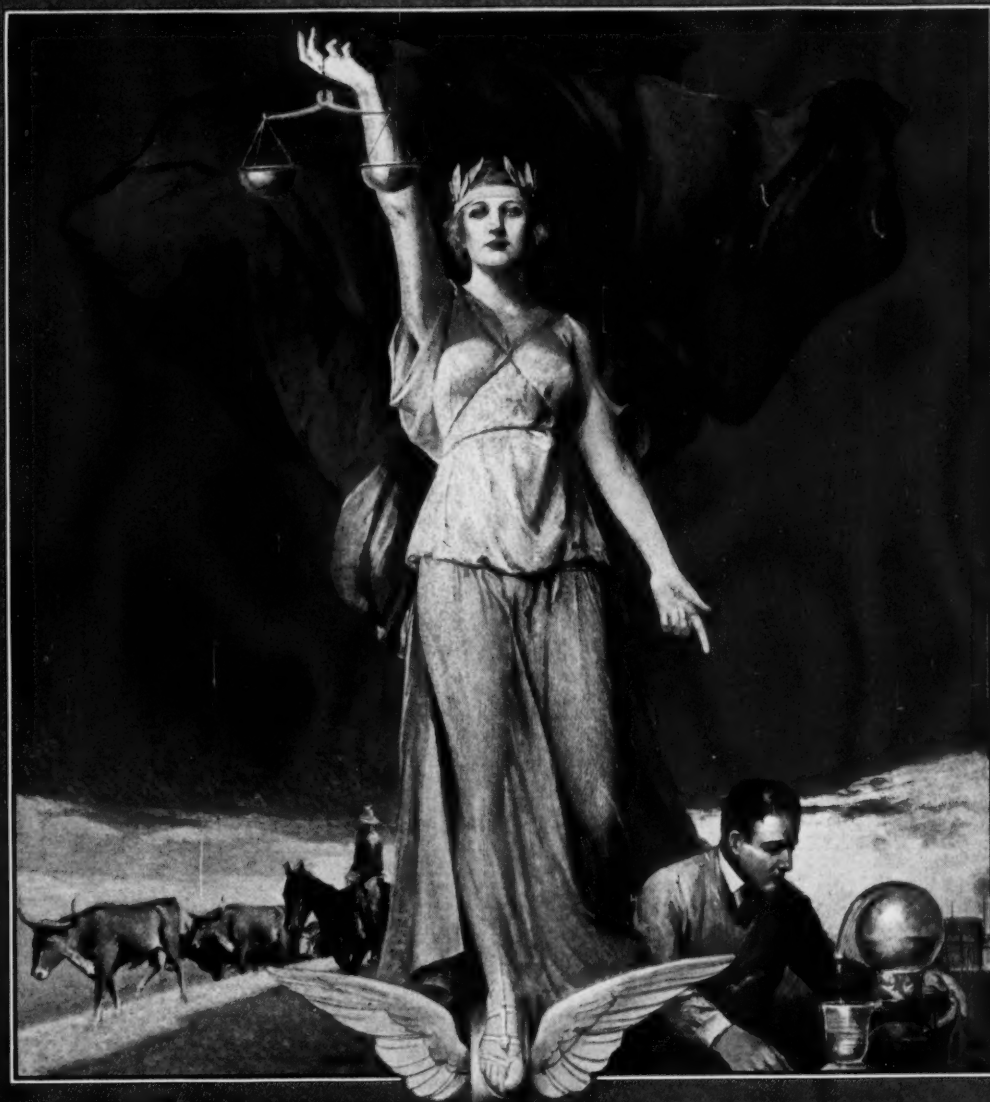
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